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SACRED POETRY:

COMPRISING

AN ENTIRE SYSTEM

OF

DIVINE TRUTH.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED BY T. RICKARBY.

SOLD BY MESS. EDWARDS, PALL-MALL;
SCATCHERD AND WHITAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE;
AND MATHEWS, STRAND.

MDCCXC.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY ROBERT MANNERS.

MADAM,

THERE are critical moments in the hiſtory of our lives, in which attentions become *ineſtimable*, from the peculiarity of the circumſtances which render them neceſſary.

For ſuch attentions, though long ſince experienced, I beg leave to aſſure

your Ladyſhip, in this undiſguiſed mode, I feel thoſe grateful ſenſibilities, which no time will be able to obliterate from my memory and heart.

It is no little ſatisfaction to my mind, in this humble teſtimony of acknowledgement, that I am addreſſing a perſon, who admits it to be the higheſt ornament of the beſt character, to love *divine Truth—Truth in the ſyſtem*,—in all it's intereſting *particulars*, and in it's grand *Whole*.

To the public, it may be preſumed, this will be received as a very ſufficient apology for inſcribing the following pages to your Ladyſhip; and,

if they are read with as much pleaſure as they are addreſſed, it will be no trifling gratification to one, who has the honour to be,

MADAM,

YOUR LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT

AND

RESPECTFUL SERVANT,

M. D.

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CONTENTS.

SACRED POETRY.

INTRODUCTION.

'Twas in the close recesses of a shade,
A shade for sacred contemplation made;
No beauteous branch, or plant, or fragrant flower
But flourish'd near the fair, delicious bower;
With charming state its lofty arches rise,
Adorn'd with blossoms, as with stars the skies:
All pure and fragrant was the air I drew,
Which winds, thro' myrtle groves and orange, blew;
Clear waves along with pleasing murmur rush,
And down the artful falls in noble cat'racts gush.
'Twas here, within this happy place retir'd,
Harmonious pleasures all my soul inspir'd,
I take my lyre, and try each tuneful string;
Now war, now love, and beauty's force wou'd sing:
To heavenly subjects now, in serious lays,
I strive my faint, unskilful voice to raise:
But as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in easy slumbers glide away;
Nor with such grateful sleep, such soothing rest
And dreams like this, I e'er before was bless'd;

No wild, uncouth chimæras intervene,
To break the perfect intellectual ſcene.
The place was all with heav'nly light o'erflown,
And glorious with immortal ſplendor ſhone;
When, lo! a bright ethereal youth drew near,
Ineffable his motions and his air,
A ſoft, beneficent, expreſsleſs grace,
With life's moſt florid bloom, adorn'd his face;
His lovely brows immortal laurels bind,
And long his radiant hair fell down behind,
His azure robes hung free, and waving to the wind.
Angelic his addreſs, his tuneful voice
Inſpir'd a thouſand elevating joys:
When thus the wondrous youth his ſilence broke,
And with an accent all-celeſtial ſpoke:—
To heav'n, nor longer pauſe, devote thy ſongs,
To heav'n the muſe's ſacred art belongs;
Let his unbounded glory be thy theme,
Who fills th' eternal regions with his fame;
And when Death's fatal ſleep ſhall cloſe thine eyes,
In triumph we'll attend thee to the ſkies;
We'll crown thee there with everlaſting bays,
And teach thee all our celebrated lays.—
This ſpoke, the ſhining viſion upward flies,
And darts, as lightning, thro' the cleaving ſkies.

ON THE TRINITY.

I JOHN, V. 7.

I.

THE depth of Deity
  Shall I preſume to ſcan;
Or doubt th' exiſtence of the Trinity?
  Becauſe incomprehenſible to man!
To man, whoſe reaſon's glimmering light
Can never comprehend himſelf aright:
To man, whoſe underſtanding's blind!
  Miſled by wand'ring ignorance in a maze,
Sin ſpreads the veil of darkneſs o'er his mind,
  Excluding Truth's divineſt rays.
Yet man, with arrogance elate,
Tho' ſunk in horrors of a fallen ſtate,
Dares on the wings of human reaſon ſoar,
The ſecrets of the Godhead to explore;
And what for his vain knowledge is too high,
With blaſphemous impiety deny!

II.

Before the King of kings,
Whilſt cherubs veil their faces with their wings,
Impreſs'd with rev'rence holy angels ſtand,
And proſtrate falls the ſaints' ſeraphic band;

Before the God that ſits upon the throne,
The elders caſt their crowns of glory down.
Sing hallelujahs to the great I AM,
And ſhout ſalvation to the Lamb;
Salvation to the Lamb of God,
Who waſh'd us in, and bought us with his blood;
Who cloath'd us in his glorious righteouſneſs,
And made us heirs of everlaſting bliſs.
Hail holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Myſterious Trinity in Unity!
Supreme, by heaven and earth ador'd,
One God, diſtinct; and ſacred perſons, three!
We join our praiſes with the heav'nly hoſt,
To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!

III.

Thus do the choirs above,
In thoſe bleſt realms of harmony and love,
Their grateful voices raiſe
Our triune God to praiſe;
And ſhall worms raſhly dare
Deny the Godhead of a bleeding Lord?
Who by his all-creating word,
Firſt ſpake them out of nothing what they are;
Who in the Scriptures ſhines confeſs'd
God over all, for ever bleſs'd.

Or doubt if God the Spirit be,
Who through the void of Chaos ſhone,
Proceeding from the Father and the Son,
From all eternity?
Far be this thought from me; 'tis mine
At Revelation's holy ſhrine
To humble human reaſon, and receive
Thoſe truths which God commands us to believe.

IV.

Who form'd the heavens and the earth?
Or from non-entity call'd nature forth?
The world's foundations, who has fix'd ſo ſure,
That to the end of time they ſhould endure?
Upon the deep the Spirit mov'd,
The Word created all that are;
The Father ſaid, "all things are good and fair;"
Omniſcience ſaw, Omnipotence approv'd.
God ſaid, Man let us now create
In our own image.—Man was made,
With righteouſneſs inherent bleſs'd,
And of the love of God poſſeſs'd;
Created ſovereign, lord of all,
Till rebel and ingrate,
(Oh, fatal, ignominious fall!)
His God he diſobey'd;
And for his diſobedience, juſtly fell,
From hopes of heaven, to the verge of hell.

V.

But ſhall he die for ever? riſe no more?
Is there no Saviour, ſinners to reſtore?
Bleſs'd be a Trinity's redeeming grace,
Whoſe love has ranſom'd Adam's wretched race.
The Father from his boſom gave his Son,
  Upon the croſs for us to die,
  Juſtice divine to ſatisfy.
The ſon forſook his throne,
  And through th' eternal Spirit, made
An off'ring of himſelf, pour'd forth his blood,
A ſacrifice acceptable to God;
  Aton'd for us, and in our ſtead obey'd.
Thus all the perſons of the Trinity,
In man's redemption graciouſly agree.

VI.

  Let others blindly ſtill debate
Of myſt'ries they can never penetrate;
From error unto error ſtumble on,
'Till the ſhort ſpace of life is gone:
An aweful day draws near,
The wiſdom of our God to clear;
When, to their endleſs ſorrows they ſhall find,
His ſecrets manifeſt to all mankind;
And, to their great confuſion, ſee
A glorious Trinity in Unity:

Rack'd with despair, in vain shall mourn,
And fear that triune God whom now they scorn.
But shall we likewise boldly pry
  Into those counsels wisdom has conceal'd?
Ah! rather let us edify
  By what his goodness hath reveal'd;
The doctrine of a Trinity improve,
To exercise ourselves in faith and love.
Almighty God the Father owns
Sinners for his adopted sons;
Jesus our God for rebels dy'd,
By God the Holy Ghost we 're sanctify'd;
And by the Spirit taught, thro' Jesus' blood,
We find access by pray'r unto the throne of God.

VII.

Come, thou proud sceptic, can'st thou tell
Th' unfathomable depth of hell?
Or can thy reason span the height
Of yon celestial realms of light?
Can'st thou account for the leviathan,
Who takes his pastime in the foaming main,
And mocks at danger with disdain?
Or, tho' distinct thy soul and body are,
The union wonderful declare,
By which, tho' two, they form one perfect man?

Wretch that thou art! canſt thou not comprehend
  Things that are leaſt? then tell me how,
  Son of preſumption! thou to know
The ſecrets of the Godhead dar'ſt pretend?
Oh! be convinc'd; bluſh, and confeſs
Thy ignorance, thy wretchedneſs.
Reſtrain the flights of human pride,
And let our God be glorified.
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
  Myſterious Trinity in Unity!
Supreme, by heaven and earth ador'd;
  One God, diſtinct; and ſacred perſons three!
We join our praiſe with all the heavenly hoſt,
To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;
And will with equal, endleſs praiſe adore
Thee, Great Incomprehenſible! when time ſhall be
  no more.

THE SAME.

FATHER of *heaven* and *earth!* coæval SON!
And co-existing SPIRIT! *trinal One!*
Mysterious deity; invisible;
Indefinite and omnipresent God,
Inhabiting eternity! Shall dust,
Shall ashes, dare presume to sing of *Thee?*
O for a *David*'s heart, and tongue of *fire*
To *rival* angels in my praise and zeal!
Yet love immense, and gratitude, with awe
Religious mix'd, shall elevate the hymn,
My heart enkindle, and inspire my tongue.

FATHER CREATOR! who beholds thy works,
But catches inspiration! Thou the earth
On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
With a magnetic force, and central poise.
Ocean of brightness Thou! Thy grand behest
Flung on thy orb, the *sun*, a *sparkling drop*,
To light the stars, and feed their silver urns
With unexhausted flame; to bid them shine
Eternal in their courses, o'er the blue
Which mantles night, and woo us to repose
With roscid radiance. They, harmonious roll

In majesty of motion, solemn, loud,
The universal hallelujah: sphere,
In lucid order, quiring sweet to sphere,
Deep-felt, and loftier than a *seraph*'s song,
The symphony of well-according worlds!
But *man*, thy beam, thy breath, thy image shines
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;
Of all *below* the stars! a *plant* from heav'n
Traduc'd to spread the riches of it's *bloom*
O'er earth, and water'd with ætherial dews;
Incorruptible aliment! the birds
Warble among his *boughs*; the cattle, safe,
Pasture within his *shade*; and earth beneath
Th' *imperial umbrage* of his *branches* smiles.
The smiling earth, the spangled spheres, and man
Their great Creator praise! but praise how long
Unless by thy *Almighty arm* upheld,
Preserver infinite? by Thee unless
Upheld, the earth would from her basis reel;
The *spheres* forego their courses, (off their orbs
The silver softness melted into shade)
Obscurely dissonant; and *mortal man*
(Void of thy fostering fires) his stately form
To dust be moulder'd: *Chaos* would resume
Her ancient anarchy; confusion rule;
And *Darkness* swallow ALL. In *Thee* we live,

In *Thee* we move: our *beings* in thy chain,
Link'd to eternity, faſten on *Thee*,
The *pillar* of our *ſouls!* For me, (how late
A neighbour of the worm!) when I forget
The wonders of thy goodneſs ray'd on me,
And ceaſe to celebrate with matin harp
Or veſper ſong, the plenitude of love,
And healing mercy, may the *nightly pow'r*,
Which *whiſpers* on my ſlumbers, ceaſe to breathe
Her *modulating* impulſe through my ſoul;
Untun'd, unhallow'd! diſcord, ſtring my lyre,
Idly, my finger, preſs the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to ſwell the notes for Thee,
FATHER of *heaven* and *earth!—Coæval* SON!
(His word, his eſſence, his effulgence pure!)
Not leſs thy FILIAL *likeneſs* I adore,
Nor from thy *Father*'s glory *aught* disjoin,
Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth
Of uncreated time, thy *Father*'s wrath
(Sprung from omniſcience!) to appeaſe for *Man*
Upright as yet, to mediate, *mercy* wak'd
Unbounded *love* in *Thee*; unbounded love
Contracted to the meaſure of a *ſpan*
Immenſity of GODHEAD, and thy crown
Reft from thy *faded* brow. Liſten, O earth!

And wonder, O ye heav'ns! Shall *He*, whoſe *feet*
Are cloth'd with *ſtars* (the glory of his *head*
For *who can tell?)* whoſe looks divine illume
The dazzl'd eyes of *cherubs*, and the youth
Of *ſaints* with everlaſting bloom *renew:*
Shall *He*, whoſe vital ſmiles with ſplendor fill
The circuits of creation, and ſuſtain
Th' abodes of all exiſtence, from the depths
Of hell beneath, above heaven's higheſt orb,
With life, and health, and joy! Shall He, to God
Dear as his eye and heart, engraven *there*
Deep from eternity; alone belov'd,
Alone begotten! ſay, ſhall He become
A man of *grief*——*for man?* nay more his *foe*,
Rebellious *next* the Fiends?—Aſtoniſhment
Had chain'd my tongue to ſilence, if the pow'rs
Of tendereſt pity, and of warmeſt love
Provok'd not penſive meaſures, ſadder ſtrains
Of *elegiac* ſorrow, with the theme
Mournfully *varying*. Take, my ſoul redeem'd!
O take the moaning *dove*'s dew-dropping wing,
Fly, fly to *Solyma!* and melt thy woe
To *Cedron*'s murmurs:—thence extend thy flight,
To *Golgotha*'s accurſed tree. Behold!
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackeſt wrath
Of an offended God!) His beauties ſhade,

But ſhade not long: it ſoon in drops diſſolves,
Sweet to the ſoul as *manna* to the taſte,
As pride of ſummer-flow'r to ſight or ſmell!
Behind this ſhadowing cloud, this *myſtic* gloom,
The *Sharon roſe*, dy'd in the *blood* of Heav'n;
The *lily* of the valley, *white* from ſtain,
Bows the fair head, in lovelineſs declines,
And, ſweetly languiſhing, it droops and dies!
But darkneſs veils the *ſun*! a *curtain* draw,
Before the *paſſion!* beyond wonder great,
Great *beyond ſilence!*—(Awe-ſtruck, *pauſe* awhile);
And heavy as the burden of our *ſins!*——
'Tis finiſh'd!—Change the lyre,—the numbers change!
Let holy anthem-airs inſpire the hymn.—
Glory in Heaven!—Redemption to mankind!
And peace on earth! dominion! bleſſing! praiſe!
Thankſgiving! bleſſing! pow'r! ſalvation to our God!
Salvation to our God, and to the *Lamb!*
And co-exiſting Spirit! *Thou*, whoſe breath
My voice informs, ſhall it be mute to *Thee*,
Eternal Paraclete! in order, *laſt*,
Equal in glory to Omnipotence;
The FIRST, as to the *Second*; and from *both*
Proceeding; (O inexplicable NAME!)
Myſtical link of the *unnumber'd* THREE!
To Learning, night; to Faith, the noontide day.

Soul of the univerſe! Thy wiſdom, firſt
The rage compos'd of warring elements,
Yon all-ſurrounding heav'ns, with chryſtal orbs
Garniſh'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks,
And diſciplin'd array, dividing night
From day, their ordinances 'ſtabliſh'd ſure.
The waters ſaw Thee moving o'er their face,
O God, the waters ſaw thee, and afraid,
Into their channels ſhrunk (capacious bed
Of liquid element!) and own'd their bounds
Impaſſable, as that eternal *gulph*
'Twixt bliſs and woe.——The PRINCE OF PEACE
Thy beams
Largely imbib'd, when, *dove-like*, o'er his head,
Faſt by the banks of *Jordan*'s ſacred ſtream,
Thy mantling wings diffus'd their heavenly hues;
And ABBA glorify'd his *only* SON,
Well-pleaſed——From thy *tongues of cloven fire*
Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,
And unextinguiſh'd charity diſpers'd,
And glowing as the ſummer blaze at noon.
The ruſhing winds, on all their wings convey'd
Thy doctrine, ſtrong to ſhake the guilty ſoul;
As, erſt, the *dome*, low ſtooping to its baſe,
Before thy *mighty preſence* learn'd to bend.
Thou, from the morning womb, upon our ſouls,

Barren and dry, thy ſanctifying dews,
Abroad in ſilent ſoftneſs ſhedſt: the dews
Of love unſpotted, uncorrupted joy;
Obedient goodneſs, temperance ſubdu'd;
Unſhaken faith, and meekneſs without guile!—
Hence flow the *odours* out, our pray'rs perfume,
Like *incenſe*, riſing fragrant on the *throne*
From golden vials pour'd by *elder* hands!
Extinct thy influential radiance, Sin,
Incumbent on the ſoul, as black as hell,
Holds godleſs anarchy: by thee refin'd
Incens'd, ſublim'd and ſanctify'd, the ſoul
Invites the HOLIEST (O abyſs of love!)
To chooſe a *temple* purer than the Sun,
Incorruptible, form'd not by hands,
Where beſt he loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,
Moſt *holy Comforter!* in ſickneſs ſmooth'd,
And violet buds and roſes, without thorn,
Shower'd round the couch. From darkneſs, and the vale
Of ſhadowy death, to paſtures fair, and ſtreams
Of comfort, thy refreſhing right-hand led
My wearied ſoul, and bath'd in *health* and *joy!*

To light reſtor'd, and the ſweet breath of heav'n,
Beneath thy *olive boughs*, in plenteous flow,
The *golden oil* effuſing on my head

Of gladneſs, let me ſit and ſing,
Thy *num'rous* Godhead ſparkling in my ſoul,
Thyſelf inſtilling praiſes, by thy ear
Not unapprov'd! for wiſdom's ſteady ray,
Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the ſacred fires
Of *poeſy* are *Thine*; *united Three!*
FATHER of *heav'n* and *earth!* coæval SON!
And co-exiſting SPIRIT! *Trinal One!*

THE DEITY.

I.

FROM airy flights, and flow'ry dreams,
  Come gentle muſe reſpire;
Leave Helicon's enchanting ſtreams,
  And pant with pure ethereal fire:
  To themes ſublime attune th' enraptur'd lyre;
Drop trivial airs, and ſportive mirth,
The teeming offspring of ignoble earth—
And by celeſtial flights declare celeſtial birth.

II.

And ſay, who firſt ſhould ſwell the ſtrain,
  Who firſt demand the ſolemn ſtring;
But He who did the ſong ordain,
  And firſt inſpire the muſe to ſing?
Who on his own eternal throne,
Ere intervening time his courſe began,
Call'd worlds to birth, and form'd the boundleſs frame:
Who bid th' expanſe with wonders glow,
Each ſtar his courſe, his end to know,
Firſt taught the hills to riſe, and bid the fountains
  flow.

III.

When anarchy it's rule maintain'd,
  And matter rude diſorder'd lay,
O'er the wide ſpace confuſion reign'd,
  And jarring pow'rs uſurp'd a lawleſs ſway:
Th' Almighty's voice tremendous ſpoke,
  And lo! the deep with thunders ſhook:
At his command the angry tide
  It's fury drops—commotions ceaſe,
Conflicting tempeſts now ſubſide,
  And all is harmony and peace;
Down from her native throne is diſcord hurl'd,
Diſorder wings it's rapid flight, and leaves the riſing
    world.

IV.

The dazzling orbs,—whate'er on high
Adorn the variegated ſky;
His plaſtic hand created all,
  With boundleſs ſymmetry and grace;
Propell'd each air-ſuſpended ball,
  And mark'd for each his deſtin'd race.
The ſun, with radiant beams to play,
To form and bleſs the genial day:—
  The leſſer ſpheres with fainter light,
  To cheer the eve, and ſmooth the brow of night.

He nature brought, by one ſagacious plan,
To act,—yet holds the magiſterial rein,
And binds her to thoſe laws himſelf did firſt ordain.

V.

When He beheld the faithleſs race
Of human-kind to heav'n untrue,
In vanity's ignoble chace,
The devious tracks of vice purſue;
Madneſs and diſſipation reign,
And ſanguine crimes the guilty nations ſtain;
He bid the ocean boil to rage,
The fountains with their ſwelling ſtreams engage.
The ſkies their congregated ſtore
On the devoted victims pour;
Each roſe at his imperial nod,
And all obedient to the threat'ning God,
Immers'd the ſhatter'd orb beneath one boundleſs flood.

VI.

So when the lov'd—the froward race,
From chains of Memphian bondage free,
Had, to retrieve their ſad diſgrace,
And triumph in their liberty;
Beheld the fierce oppoſing waves
Obſtruct their march, and ſtill proclaim them ſlaves;

The prophet ſtood, at his command,
  Survey'd the bold imperial flood;
He bid the raging ſurges ſtand,
  And lo! the raging ſurges ſtood:
Two glaſſy walls the floating waves create;
  They paſs'd as on the ſandy ſhore,
  But heard the timid waters roar:
Eſcap'd the danger by propitious fate,—
Exulted o'er their floating foes, and gain'd their
    wiſh'd for ſtate.

VII.

As nature firſt from him began,
  She Him her ſov'reign ruler owns;
Moves as his ſmiles approve her reign,
  Yet ſtands aghaſt when he arrays in frowns.
So when the load of human guilt
  On Heav'n's eternal Son was laid,
Nature convulſive horrors felt,
  And Phœbus left the world to deepeſt ſhade:
All heav'n ſtood wond'ring at the mighty deed,
To ſee the creature wound—the great Creator bleed!

VIII.

Reſolve me, quires angelic ſay,
  How could it be,
  That immaterial Deity
Should leave the regions of eternal day,

In robes of human flesh array?
Stretch'd on th' ignominious tree,
  How could he sink beneath the frowning sky,
  And his immortal substance die!
I ask?——and to my humble song,
Lo! from the fair angelic throng,
  "For man he dy'd!" ten thousand tongues reply;
They with their silver notes my strains suppress,
And check my ardour with my lays:

IX.

"Presumptuous muse!
  "Whose pinions high
  "Soar (but in vain) to reach the sky,
"Such daring flights refuse,
"Nor stretch so far—whose mighty themes
  "In heav'n's immortal courts are sung,
  "Where soul-enchanting lyres are strung;
"To soothing airs, by pure ambrosial streams.
"How then shall mortal bard aspire
  "To reach those heights by human pains;
"Heights that demand a seraph's lyre,
  "And but adorn a Raphael's strains?
"Learn then, and be content to know
  "The lot of human-kind below;
"Leave not in fancy's bark the granted shore,
"Nor seek those mystic wonders to explore;
"What Heav'n reveals, believe; what not—adore!"

ON

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

LET thoſe that hate thee tremble at thy name,
Thy being is my confidence and joy.
Abſtract from all things elſe, I find in thee
A ſecret, an unfailing ſpring of peace:
Alacrity and pleaſure fill my ſoul,
To think thou art, and that compar'd to thee
Things ſeen, and things unſeen, deſerve no name.

Thou only art without variety,
Or ſhadow of a change, immutable.
Periſh this viſionary form of things!
In darkneſs be the gay creation loſt!
While Thou remain'ſt unchang'd, with joy theſe eyes
Could gaze on Nature's univerſal wreck,
See heav'n and earth in one vaſt ruin ſink,
And ſmile upon the glorious deſolation.

Thou haſt no attribute but gives me joy,
Be as thou art, ſevere in holineſs!
My higheſt reaſon loves thy perfect laws,
Thou, righteous King of ſaints! pure as thou art,
And ſinful as I am, I triumph ſtill:
My guilt is all my own, and thou art clear.
From the low depths of miſery and duſt,

With angels and archangels round thy throne,
To thy dominion and unbounded ſway
I join my glad aſſent.—Be all thy foes
In juſt deriſion had, and vile contempt,
While thy bright throne for ever ſtands ſecure!

Be abſolute! be uncontroul'd and free!
Thou canſt not be unjuſt, howe'er above
The view of man thy ways.—A time will come,
When all ſhall be explain'd; and conqu'ring Love,
The ſplendor and the beauty of thy face,
Victorious Love, ſhall ſhine on all thy works.

For, oh! what daring thought ſhall limit thee,
Thou darling attribute of the Moſt High,
And greateſt of his names?—A heart ſubdu'd
Like mine, muſt make it's loudeſt boaſts of thee:
My life, my glory, and ſalvation's thine,
And thine ſhall be my everlaſting ſong.

In theſe cold regions thou haſt warm'd my heart,
And gently trac'd ſome faint reſemblance there.
But, Oh! thou charming pow'r, that canſt efface
All the remains of enmity and pride,
Transform me to thine image; let me wear
No character but thine: be thou my life,
It's ſpring, it's motion, conſtant as my breath;

Dwell on my tongue, and govern all my ſoul,
'Till faith and hope be ſwallow'd up of thee.

Theſe eyes ſhall ſee thee then ſupremely fair;
Apparent in the heights of excellence,
And perfect beauty thou ſhalt ſtand reveal'd.
Bleſſings and ſmiles, unmeaſurable grace,
Eſſential glories, ever-blooming life,
Proſpects of pleaſure, regions of delight,
The heav'n of heavens, viſions ineffable,
At once ſhall all their dazzling pomp unfold,
And open in thy fair unclouded face.

ON THE ETERNITY
OF THE
SUPREME BEING.

HAIL, wond'rous Being, who in power ſupreme
Exiſts from everlaſting, whoſe great name,
Deep in the human heart, and every atom
The air, the earth, or azure main contains,
In undecypher'd characters is wrote—
INCOMPREHENSIBLE!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
Thro' the vaſt concave of th' ethereal round)?
If to the heaven of heavens they wing their way
Adventurous, like the birds of night they're loſt,
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful, uninſpired bard
Preſume to hymn th' Eternal; may he ſoar
Where Seraph and where Cherubin on high
Reſound th' unceaſing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice?

He may—if thou, who from the witleſs babe
Ordaineſt honour, glory, ſtrength, and praiſe,

Uplift th' unpinion'd muſe, and deign'ſt t' aſſiſt,
GREAT POET OF THE UNIVERSE, his ſong.

Before this earthly planet wound her courſe
Round Light's perennial fountain; before Light
Herſelf 'gan ſhine, and at th' inſpiring word
Shot to exiſtence in a blaze of day;
Before "the morning-ſtars together ſang,"
And hail'd thee Architect of countleſs worlds;
Thou art—all-glorious, all beneficent,
All Wiſdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of creation fix'd
At when theſe worlds began? Could aught retard
Goodneſs, that knows no bounds, from bleſſing ever,
Or keep th' immenſe Artificer in ſloth?
Avaunt the duſt-directed crawling thought,
That Puiſſance immeaſurably vaſt,
And Bounty inconceivable could reſt
Content, exhauſted with one week of action!—
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous power,
Ten thouſand times more active than the ſun,
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
Syſtems innumerable, matchleſs all,
All ſtampt with thine uncounterfeited ſeal.

But yet (if ſtill to more ſtupendous heights
The muſe unblam'd her aching ſenſe may ſtrain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The beſt of Beings on the nobleſt theme
Might ruminate at leiſure, ſcope immenſe
Th' eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
And with itſelf th' omniſcient mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundleſs All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme!
Perhaps enthron'd amidſt a choicer few,
Of ſpirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime pillars of the univerſe,
Creation, and Redemption—and a while
Pauſe—with the grand preſentiments of glory.

Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and ſelf-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whoſe ways to wonder at 's diſtruſt,
Whom to deſcribe 's preſumption (all we can—
And all we may—) be glorified, be prais'd!

A day ſhall come, when all this earth ſhall periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n chaos; it ſhall come
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war againſt themſelves; and mutual rage
To make Perdition triumph; it ſhall come

When the capacious atmoſphere above
Shall in ſulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vaniſh into void; the earth beneath
Shall ſever to the center, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the deſtructive flames.
Ye rocks, that mock the raving of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now? ye foaming waves,
That all along th' immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the inextinguiſhable fire?
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the cedars
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Tenerif's thy ſtatelineſs to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe?—No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun!

Nor ſhall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion, O my country! thou muſt join,

In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Tho' million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day; ye muſt ſubmit,
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.

But tho' the earth ſhall to the center periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt ſun, and ſilver-treſſed moon
With all her bright retinue, muſt be loſt;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet ſtill ſurvives
The ſoul of man, immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I hear;
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee! He comes! th' archangel from above.
" Ariſe, ye tenants of the ſilent grave,

" Awake incorruptible, and arife!
" From eaft to weft, from the Antarctic pole
" To regions Hyperborean, all ye fons,
" Ye fons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
" Arife ye tenants of the filent grave,
" Awake incorruptible, and arife!"

'Tis then, nor fooner, that the reftlefs mind
Shall find itfelf at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, fhall look aloft
O'er the vague paffage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves and rocks and tempefts paft,
Enjoy the everlafting calm of heaven:
'Tis then, nor fooner, that the deathlefs foul
Shall juftly know it's nature and it's rife:
'Tis then the human tongue new tunes fhall give,
Praifes more worthy the Eternal ear.
Yet what we can, we ought;—and therefore Thou,
Purge thou my heart, omnipotent and good!
Purge thou my heart with hyffop, left like Cain
I offer fruitlefs facrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not the Deity adore.
Tho' Gratitude were bleft with all the powers
Her burfting heart could long for—tho' the fwift,
The fiery-wing'd imagination foar'd
Beyond ambition's wifh—yet all were vain

To ſpeak Him as he is, INEFFABLE!
Yet ſtill let reaſon thro' the eye of faith
View Him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee
With heaven-directed hands confeſs His reign.
And let th' angelic, archangelic band
With all the hoſts of heav'n, cherubic forms,
And forms ſeraphic, with their ſilver trumps
And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,
"For Thou art One, th' Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodneſs, and tranſcends all praiſe!"

ON

GOD'S GREATNESS AND GLORY.

I.

HIGH in the higheſt Paradiſe,
Where ſpirits, only of a race
The nobleſt, are allow'd to dwell,
Or e'en to tread the glorious place.

II.

And on a throne (than burniſh'd gold
Or ſparkling gems more clearly bright)
Sits nature's God, and parent kind,
The ſource of being, life, and light:

III.

Reigning in God-like majeſty,
Of attributes divine poſſeſs'd,
His Will the worlds beneath obey,
Depending on his great beheſt.

IV.

Angels around in glory clad;
(A vaſt innumerable crowd,
On whom ſecurely might the rule
Of worlds or ſyſtems be beſtow'd);

V.

In humble adoration bow;
And, fill'd with reverential awe,
Confeſſing him their ſovereign Lord,
Guide their whole conduct by his law.

VI.

With glowing minds, in anthems ſweet,
They chant his univerſal praiſe;
While, with a ſmile ſupremely kind,
He ſees them join the ſong to raiſe.

VII.

In light, exceeding day, tho' ſuns
Ten thouſand darting every ray,
Pour forth one rapid ſtream of light,
Driving each darkſome cloud away,

VIII.

He lives, for ever undiſturb'd,
In viewing his own greatneſs bleſs'd;
Supporting worlds, his pow'r once rear'd,
Of univerſal rule poſſeſs'd.

ON THE POWER OF

THE SUPREME BEING.

" TREMBLE, thou earth!" th' anointed poet ſaid,
" At God's bright preſence, tremble, all ye moun-
" tains!
" And all ye hillocks on the ſurface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders roll!
The muſe with tranſport hears ye; once again
Convulſe the ſolid continent! and ſhake,
Grand muſic of Omnipotence, the iſles!
'Tis thy terrific voice! thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice! all nature hears it
Awaken'd and alarm'd; ſhe feels its force;
In every ſpring ſhe feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vaſt machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary-headed Alps
Leap from their baſes at the godlike ſound.
But what is this, celeſtial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign ſupreme,
Compar'd with ſuch as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds?
Should ocean to his congregated waves

Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the watry world down an huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When Zephyr faints upon the lily's breast,
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!

But not alone in the aërial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain:
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders,
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—cities
Then totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heaven-assaulting spires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts, tho' many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound,
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamour inconceivable, uptorn

And hurled down th' abyſs. Sulphureous pyrites
Burſting abrupt from darkneſs into day,
With din outrageous and deſtructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain. Twice have we felt,
Within Auguſta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation; but ev'n Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodneſs infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy-blended wrath: O ſpare us ſtill,
Nor ſend more dire conviction! We confeſs
That thou art He, th' Almighty: We believe.
For at thy righteous power whole ſyſtems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thouſand worlds!

Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is, and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempeſtuous ſweep he rides
Invincible, when oaks, and pines, and cedars,
Yea, and foreſts are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The weſt encounters eaſt, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blaſt.
The lordly lions ſhuddering ſeek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,
Who dares the ſolar ray, is weak of wing,

And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He ſupreme
Stands ſtedfaſt in the center of the ſtorm.

Wherefore, ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not leſs manifeſt, is not leſs mighty.

Survey the magnet's ſympathetic love,
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, inviſible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from the electric ſphere aſſaults thy frame,
Shew me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled here
By his omnipotence, philoſophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And ſtands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal ſpace
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If ſuch the operations of his power,
Which at all ſeaſons and in every place
(Rul'd by eſtabliſh'd laws and current nature)

Arreſt th' attention; Who! O who ſhall tell
His acts miraculous? when his decrees
Repeals he, or ſuſpends; when by the hand
Of Moſes or of Joſhua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic ſeers, ſuch deeds he wrought,
Before th' aſtoniſh'd ſun's all-ſeeing eye,
That faith was ſcarce a virtue. Need I ſing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Loſt in the reflux of the watry walls,
That melted to their fluid ſtate again?
Need I recount how Sampſon's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was ſtrung t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philiſtia? Shall I tell
How David triumph'd, and what Job ſuſtain'd?
—But, O ſupreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, myſtery immenſe,
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's Redemption
That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteouſneſs reveal'd,
And on benighted reaſon pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace!" he ſaid, and all was calm
Amongſt the warring world—calm as the ſea
When, "O be ſtill, ye boiſterous winds!" he cried,
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.

His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taſte
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he riſe
Victorious o'er the univerſal foe,
And Death, and Sin, and Hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conqueſt is mankind,
And in ſweet ſervitude and golden bonds
We're ty'd to him for ever.—O how eaſy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecſtaſy to bear! Him, bleſſed Shepherd,
His flocks ſhall follow thro' the maze of life
And ſhades that tend to day-ſpring from on high;
And as the radiant roſes after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in ſmiling ſpring, ſo ſhall it fare
With thoſe that love him—in the realms of bliſs,
Where all eternity ſhall be their ſpring.
Then ſhall the gates and everlaſting doors,
At which the KING OF GLORY enters in,
Be to the ſaints unbarr'd: and there, where pleaſure
Boaſts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from paſſion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him, who is, and was,
And in immortal proweſs King of kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

ON THE

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME BEING.

O THOU, whoſe Juſtice awes the moral world,
Dread Judge, and Governor ſupreme! thine eye,
Thro' the vaſt amplitude of ſpace diffus'd,
No action 'ſcapes, no thought that bubbling ſprings
In the heart's troubled deep. In vain the wretch,
Specious in borrow'd vizor, lifts his front
Triumphant: thee no artificial gloſs
Deceives: the monſter walks beneath thy ken
Foul with unnumber'd ſpots. His deeds are noted
In thy eternal volumes to confound
His guilt: tho' now perhaps he wanton baſks
In fortune's ſunny ſmiles, and laughs diſdainful
At Virtue, pin'd with penury and cold.
Nathleſs, when this dark ſublunary plot,
Which now with ſeeming intricacies mocks
Our buſy ſearch, amazingly to view
Shall ſtand unravell'd in th' all-cloſing ſcene,
The caitiff, at the curtain's fall, ſhall bleed;
And men and angel-choirs applauſive laud
Th' unerring rectitude of all thy ways.

O may the poet then, whoſe faltering tongue
Liſps theſe rude ſtrains, and trembles while he ſings
What aſks a cherub's note, a ſeraph's glow,
This mundane polity by thee ſuſtain'd
On the firm baſis of eternal right,
O King that reign'ſt for ever! may he then,
When thou the ſcatter'd particles ſhalt call
His ſoul's demoliſh'd manſion to rebuild,
Approach thy dread tribunal unappall'd;
May Mercy o'er that Juſtice then prevail,
Which here his humble verſe eſſay'd to paint!

With ſcanty line ſhall Reaſon dare to mete
Th' immeaſurable depths of Providence?
On the ſwoln bladders of opinion borne
She floats awhile, then floundering ſinks, abſorb'd
Within that boundleſs ſea ſhe ſtrove to graſp.
Shall man, here ſtation'd to revere that God
Who call'd him into being from the duſt,
His moral ſcheme implead, and impious cite
Th' Almighty Legiſlator to the bar
Of erring intellect; too weak his ſight
To trace each hidden link that knits the chain
Stupendous? Hence he labours to depoſe
Jehovah from his ſovereignty, and lifts
A blind ideal phantom to the throne.

Things oft inverted in this turbid maſs
Strike his diſguſted eye, and ſhake his faith,
Too prone to ſhift her compaſs. Vice he ſees
With gems and Tyrian purple ſparkling gay,
And Virtue mouldering in a dungeon's gloom.

" Say, is this fitting (cries the doubting ſage)?
" Do theſe unequal diſpenſations ſpeak
" A wiſe, impartial Ruler of the world?
" Shall earth, ſhall air, and every element
" Be tax'd to furniſh the blaſphemer's meal,
" While Heaven's beſt votary, who in fervent pray'r
" Exhales his ſoul, the ſcantieſt offal wants
" His macerated body to relieve?"
Thus man, whoſe mind 's too narrow to contain
The vaſt dimenſions of th' harmonious whole,
From parts, uncomely if aſunder view'd,
Deciſive ſentence gives. Thou laugh'ſt above,
Dread ELOHIM! to ſee him ſtudious weigh
Thy meaſures in his balance: Thou, whoſe graſp
The waters, and whoſe ſpan the heavens, compriz'd.

To judge aright how Providence conducts
The moral ſyſtem, where a clue is lent
T' unwind the myſtic maze, with cautious ſteps
Man muſt purſue; each nice gradation ſcan;

Obſerve how parts, erſt oppoſite, conſpire
In one illuſtrious concord of deſign.
Then every jarring ſtring, which, ſingly touch'd,
Grated harſh diſſonance on Reaſon's ear,
Will ſpeak the graces of th' Almighty hand,
And in a ſweet-ton'd diapaſon cloſe.

The Sun of Juſtice may withdraw his beams
Awhile from earthly ken, and ſit conceal'd
In dark receſs, pavilion'd round with clouds:
Yet let not Guilt preſumptuous rear her creſt,
Nor Virtue droop deſpondent: ſoon theſe clouds,
Seeming eclipſe, will brighten into day,
And in majeſtic ſplendor he will riſe
With healing, and with terror on his wings.

Things in progreſſive motion cheat our eye,
Unmark'd the deſtin'd goal, to which they tend.
Moſes' all-powerful rod, amazing ſight!
A ſerpent crawls, and darts it's forky tongue;
But in his hand reſum'd, to Iſrael's ſons
Diſpenſes bleſſings; bids th' impriſon'd ſtream
Guſh from the ſtricken rock, th' obedient ſea
Drive back it's refluent waves, and ſtand a wall
Condens'd, to yield a paſſage to his hoſt.
Thus what we view abhorrent, as deform,

And inconſiſtent with that faultleſs rule,
By which a ſapient God each act ſhould ſquare,
In th' iſſue will it's frightful aſpect loſe,
And leave th' all-righteous Sovereign unimpeach'd.

What eye but melts with pity, when it ſees
Joſeph's defenceleſs piety and youth
To leagu'd fraternal hate a prey expos'd?
Shall Iſrael's darling, nay what's more, ſhall God's,
With complicated ills be doom'd to ſtrive?
Shall a pit yawn for him, yet none for thoſe
Who plot againſt his life? The bargain's ſtruck;
Unnatural bargain, where a brother's ſold!
The ſeven-mouth'd Nile receives him: here the ſky
Fallacious ſmiles, to make the gathering cloud
Burſt heavier on his head: the ſlighted charms
Of an enamour'd miſtreſs glow with ire
Fierce and impetuous as her former luſt:
That ſtubborn heart muſt bleed, which would not melt.
Are chains the meed of Innocence? Does God
Exalt his enemies to thrones, depreſs
His friends to dungeons? Impious plaints, away!
And to that hell, from whence ye riſe, repair!
O'erblown the ſtorm, which only rag'd to ſpeed
Heaven's choſen veſſel to the deſtin'd port,
The Hebrew bright emerges. Quick the ſcene

Is ſhifted from a dungeon to a throne.
Next to the proud Egyptian king he moves
In his high orb reſplendent: lives to ſtrain
Old Iſrael in his fond encircling arms,
To ſee the typic ſheaves in marſhall'd ranks,
His brethren, erſt with other paſſions warm'd,
Submiſſive bow their vaſſal heads before
His ſheaf, that rears aloft it's lordly ſtem.

Silenc'd be every tongue, that dar'd to breathe
The rank exuberance of a ſenſual heart
In ſceptic murmurs: Reaſon, ſtand abaſh'd,
And, whom thou canſt not comprehend, adore!
If Virtue ſuffers, 'tis to prove her faith,
To make abaſement glorioufly conſpire,
Like Joſeph's, to her riſe: each ſtroke ſhe feels,
But adds new luſtre to her maſſive crown.
If Vice, unthank'd his feeder, gluts his maw
With ſtudied dainties, and with riot ſwells,
'Tis but a victim fatten'd for the ſword
Of Juſtice, edg'd to drink his guilty blood.
A guileful Haman brooding o'er the fate
Of blameleſs Mordecai, when raptures high
Stretch every vein, and elevate the ſoul,
When glows the waſſel moſt, and ſparkling joy
Laughs in each offer'd cup, O dire reverſe!

Shall from the royal banquet to the grave
Be dragg'd unpitied, on that tree expire,
Which for wrong'd innocence his hands had rais'd!

The ſcheme of Providence, tho' knots perplex'd
O'er the unfolding texture ſeem to caſt
Unpleaſing ſhades, at large diſclos'd, appears
With lucid order, and coherence crown'd:
So in the folded tapeſtry, where parts
With gradual openings meet the pauſing eye,
Here ſprouts a leafy branch, a human foot
There marks the woven ground: all ſeems a wild,
Misſhapen chaos of disjointed forms:
Yet, when in full expanſe the web entire
Shews the mixt group in orderly array,
The figur'd hiſtory well-pleas'd we trace,
Each ſeveral part applaud, but moſt the whole.

Shall counſels, plann'd by Wiſdom infinite,
And by Omnipotence conducted, fail?
Sooner the heavens, the fabric of his hands,
Shrunk their extenſive cope like ſhrivell'd parchment,
Melted to viewleſs air ſhall diſappear,
Yea all things into primitive nothing fall,
Than God's eternal and all-wiſe decrees
One jot ſhall be aboliſh'd. Flight of days,

The world obſcuring with their ſhadowy wings,
Shall o'er his grand deſigns a luſtre throw;
Shall clear that wondrous, ſoul-abſorbing text,
Which poring ſeraphs puzzles and confounds.

Righteous are all thy ways, O Power Supreme!
Whether thy patience ſtruggling with thy wrath
Arreſts th' uplifted thunderbolt, that longs
To lance deſtruction on the head accurs'd:
Or whether Piety, to purge her droſs
By ſharp aſſaying fires, thou ſeeſt permiſſive
Cruſh'd by Oppreſſion's iron arm, or torn
By racking maladies, inteſtine war.
Orb* within orb involv'd, thy myſtic wheels,
On which this politic machine is whirl'd
Inceſſant, with no giddy devious flight
Precipitate their courſe: with eyes they glow
Diſtinct, and in a meaſur'd orbit move.

To right thy injur'd friends, and blaſt thy foes,
Thou counterwork'ſt man's purpoſe, and from ill
Educeſt good: as erſt thy potent voice,
Omnific, from the womb of night abhorr'd
Call'd forth that light, which glads th' inveſted world.

* See Ezekiel, chap. i.

A Pharaoh's daughter, by thy impulſe led,
Shall in a Hebrew babe unweeting rear
Iſrael's Redeemer, and her father's ſcourge.
When Jacob's ſeed, beſide Euphrates' flood,
With groans reſponſive to his murmurs, ſwell
The current with their tears, and Sion's pride,
Illuſtrious Sion wail, in aſhes loſt;
The ravenous eagle* from the eaſt ſhall urge
His rapid flight, and in his talons bear
Jehovah's thunder: Babylon's tower'd creſt
Shall ſink beneath his ſwoop, while he full-gorg'd
O'er the Aſſyrian prey ſhall clap his plumes,
Victorious miniſter of wrath divine.

Thy throne, O Lord, eſtabliſh'd on the baſe
Of juſtice, how tremendous, how benign!
Here ſoft-ey'd cherubim with wings diſpread
The mercy-ſeat infold, and beam on man,
Repenting man, compaſſion and meek love:
There flamy ſeraphs from their pinions ſhake
Horror and dire diſmay: thy awful ſword,
Fierce as a comet, blazes in their graſp
High-wav'd, to flaſh the harden'd rebel dead.

* Cyrus, ſee Iſaiah, chap. xlvi.

Who can abide thy terrors, Judge ſevere,
When, by repeated provocations warm'd
Thy anger burns, and Mercy ſtrives in vain
To interpoſe her ſhield betwixt thy bolt!
Thy trampled laws, bright tranſcript of Thyſelf,
And the leſe majeſty of heaven's high King,
Who pardon offer'd; pardon but contemn'd!
Bare thy red arm, and edge the vengeful brand.

Who in his milder governance diſclaim'd
The living God, ſhall feel him in his dread
Vindictive attribute, and trembling own
That Power, whoſe nod obedient Nature waits,
With all her armaments of ſnow and wind,
Of battering hail, or wide-devouring fire,
To execute his vengeance: who can forge
The meaneſt creatures into ſwords, to foil
The boaſts of kings, and wither all their ſtrength.
What! tho' his wrathful vials in the clouds
Suſpended ſtand awhile, nor burſt, as once
O'er a devoted Sodom, or a World,
Whoſe ſtains a deluge ſcarcely waſh'd away;
Yet is his arm not ſhorten'd:—thou 'rt the ſame,
JEHOVAH, thro' eternity unchang'd,
Thy eyes too pure, too beamy to behold
Iniquity's foul miſt: each thought profane,

Each vile affection muſt be far remov'd,
Ere we approach thy ſanctuary and live.

Tremble, ye heavens, and earth, but chief O man,
Apoſtate man, before a God incens'd!
Juſtice exacts the debt, but nature fails,
Mere human nature; bankrupt and undone!
God muſt be righted, or mankind be loſt;
For ever loſt, unpitied, unrepriev'd.
Dreadful alternative! heart-chilling thought,
That leads to deſperation's ſlippery brink!
Who ſhall the price immenſe, the ranſom pay,
Commenſurate to guilt, and worth divine?
Who but the King of kings, the Lord himſelf,
The coeternal, coeſſential Son!
He, to appeaſe infinity of wrath,
Muſt quit the boſom of paternal bliſs,
And in a fleſhly tabernacle ſhroud
His plenitude of light. Lord! what is man,
Corruption's heir, and brother to the worm,
That thou ſo kindly labour'ſt in his weal?
Oh! the exceſſive depth, th' amazing height
Of heavenly Wiſdom! Juſtice how ſevere!
Mercy how tender! from the clouds of ire
Omnipotent diſtilling balmy dew!

Shall then th' all-perfect and unſpotted Lamb
For our tranſgreſſions bleed, to death reſign
His broken frame, to heal us with his wounds?
Shall the Son groan in bitterneſs of ſoul,
Implore his angry Father to remove
The baleful cup, empoiſon'd with the ſins
Of a whole world, and yet ſhall man tranſgreſs,
Man, by his death aſſerted into life?
O! let us turn repentant to our Sire,
Shake off our ſordid luſts, thoſe thorns which gor'd
Our Saviour's temples, and thoſe ſpikes obſcene
That nail'd his ſinleſs body to the croſs.
Let God's ſeverity our hearts appall,
Ev'n whilſt his kindneſs claſps us in it's arms.
Elſe will that vocal blood, which pleads above,
Cry loud for vengeance, and it's cries aſcend
High as the dread judicial court of heaven.

That awful court who ſhall eſcape? The dead
And living there ſhall wait their final doom.
Methinks I ſee from th' empyrean ſkies,
Preceded by his bright angelic hoſt,
The Judge deſcend: how chang'd from him who late
The thorny crown, and reedy ſceptre bore!
Glory arrays him; from his countenance beams
Splendor ineffable: ſtars cluſtering weave

A rich tiara for his head, who gave
Their beauteous lamps to ſhine. Look, Iſrael, there
Affrighted, and with dire conviction own
Thy king triumphant in his cloudy car!
See the Croſs glitter thro' th' enſanguin'd air,
Proud enſign of his conqueſt, and thy ſhame!

Hark! thro' heaven's wide reverberating vault
The clanging trumpet ſounds th' awakening peal.
Obedient tombs expand their marble jaws,
And every ſad repoſitory hears
The quickening voice, and renders back it's truſt
To light and life; each particle diſpers'd
Crowds to a heap, and builds th' identic man.
Chang'd are the living, and alive the dead!
Lo! cited myriads fill th' extended plain,
And trembling to the grand tribunal preſs.

The book is open'd, and the ſeal remov'd;
The adamantine book; where every thought,
Tho' dawning on the heart, then ſunk again
In the corrupted maſs, each act obſcure,
In characters indelible remain.
How vain thy boaſt, vile caitiff, to have 'ſcap'd
An earthly forum, now thy crimſon ſtains
Glare on a congregated world, thy judge

Omniſcience, and Omnipotence thy ſcourge!
Thy maſk, Hypocriſy, how uſeleſs here,
When by a beam, ſhot from the Fount of Light,
The varniſh'd ſaint ſtarts up a ghaſtly fiend!

But ye of manners blameleſs, faith approv'd,
Who a long toilſome warfare have endur'd,
By fleſhly wiles aſſail'd, yet unſubdu'd;
Ye who have fair Religion's cauſe maintain'd,
Tho' princes frown'd, and flames encircling rag'd,
With front erect approach the throne auguſt.
See how your Saviour bends his gracious head,
Smiling unutterable love! the choir
Of ſaints congenial beckon you to bliſs,
And all the glorify'd aſſeſſors burn
To add your ſteady phalanx to their roll.

Soon are their wiſhes, and your labours crown'd;
For now, your virtue's teſt, your trial o'er,
Where every baſhful grace that bloom'd unſeen,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling breath
Of worldly praiſe, is brought to light before
It's beſt applauders, angels and their Lord;
The Judge, with accent mild, cries: "Come, ye
"bleſs'd,
"Share the unfading pleaſures of my realm,

"Coheirs of bliſs, my Sire's adpoted ſons."
Straight at that ſound the pious, like a flock
Of harmleſs doves, are rapt with ardent wing
To meet their dear Redeemer in the clouds.

The bellowing convex echoes to the trump,
And lo! the yelling wicked crowd the bar.
Settled deſpair, and pale dejection dim
Each louring aſpect: Beauty hides her face,
And fain would hide her guilt: curſed Mammon's
ſlave
Laments his treaſures were not there ſecur'd,
Where neither moth corrupts, nor ruſt devours:
Grim viſag'd Murder with reluctance lifts
Th' accuſing hand, which oceans ne'er could blanch;
And, like a hunted panther, ſtarts to ſee
His horrid deeds emblazon'd in his ſpots!
Conſcience, God's dread official here below,
Too oft her friendly whiſpers drown'd in noiſe,
Now rings her loud alarum in their hearts,
Their fears awakens, and foreſtalls their doom.

Methinks I hear a ſelf-convicted wretch
To his aſſociates vent his anguiſh'd ſoul:
"Yonder He ſits, whoſe mercies we have ſpurn'd,
"Whoſe laws we have profan'd, whoſe ſides we oft

" Have pierc'd with blaſphemy's envenom'd ſpear:
" How ſhall we now confront his awful eye,
" That melts all nature with a darted glance?
" Or whither from his dreaded preſence flee?
" O that ſome rock would fall, ſome mountain yawn
" To bury us for ever in it's womb!
" Vain hope, alas! theſe mountains and theſe rocks
" Soon will be gone: the heavens and earth diſſolv'd;
" And nothing for his fiery wrath remain
" To prey on but ourſelves, immortal only
" To ſuffer an eternity of pain!"

The proceſs ſtern commences: ſilence deep,
And dreadful expectation ſits on all.
Each hidden fraud, each word, and thought impure,
Each overt violence, or ſlander dark,
From out th' omniſcient regiſters produc'd,
Blaze in the view of angels, and a world;
The heart now bar'd before its Maker's eye,
Evolv'd it's mazes, and it's filth expos'd,
How loath'd a ſpectacle the villain ſtands!
The virtuous look with horror down to ſee
Now firſt in genuine colours Vice appear,
And ſhudder at deformity ſo foul.
Conſcience inceſſant plies her ſcorpion-whip,
And makes th' abominable miſcreants add

Self-accuſation to their charge, and own
God's juſtice in the rigour of his wrath,

And now the Judge, with viſage all inflam'd,
At which th' molten mountains ſhrink like wax,
With voice that ſhakes the pillar'd firmament,
The dire award pronounces: "Go, ye curs'd,
"To fire as everlaſting as your ſouls,
"For Satan, and his impious hoſt prepar'd!"
Straight from the inmoſt center of the earth
Flames burſt in ſpiring eddies to the ſkies:
Trembles the ground convuls'd, ſeas boiling roar,
And daſh yon crackling canopy with foam.
Creation ſinks beneath th' enormous blaze.
Myriads now burning, with th' archangel's trump,
The growling thunder of th' expiring heavens,
And with a falling world's tremendous groan
Mingle their hideous yell; and vainly wiſh
They, like thoſe elements, could be no more!

His equal ways illuſtrioufly reveal'd
In Vice's torments, and in Virtue's bliſs,
Th' Almighty riſes from his throne, and wings
To heavenly Zion his triumphal car.
Th' angelic hierarchy with loud acclaim
Accompany their King; with warbled hymns

The ranſom'd ſaints their bleſt Redeemer greet,
Unnumber'd voices in ſweet concord cry :
" Hoſanna to the Lamb that ſits above,
" To the world's honour'd Judge! how juſt his ways!
" How everlaſting glory crowns them all!"

ON THE WISDOM
OF THE
SUPREME BEING.

O THOU! whoſe ways are pleaſantneſs, whoſe paths,
Replete with happineſs and peace, invite
Our wayward ſteps to virtue and to thee!
Deſcend, and guide th' unpractis'd muſe, who dares,
Tho' weak of wing, direct her boundleſs flight
To yon bright empyréan, where ſupreme
Thou reign'ſt, prime attribute of Power divine!
Say, for thou canſt, (who, ere the birth of time
Or fair creation, with the Godhead dwelt)
O ſay what cauſe, yet unexplor'd, impell'd
The great firſt Mover, o'er the lifeleſs duſt
To breathe his ſpirit, on the plaſtic maſs
The image of his own bright form t' impreſs,
And bid him riſe,—Man, of creation Lord?
'Twas Goodneſs Infinite! that form'd the thought;
'Twas Wiſdom Infinite deſign'd the plan,
While high Omnipotence the glorious work
Began, atchiev'd, ſurvey'd, "and ſaw 'twas good!"
But tho' each attribute in Him diſplay'd
Atteſt th' Almighty, and demands the ſong
Of grateful rapture! incenſe of the heart!

Yet chief to thee, fair Wiſdom, be theſe lays
Devoutly offer'd: thee, whoſe ſacred love
In councils of the Higheſt, ever rules:
Pure, intellectual guide! primæval ſource,
Whence order, beauty, harmony began.
From yon bright orb of day, what floods of light
Burſt in, and gild creation's ample round!
Irradiate and with genial warmth reſtore
Nature's ſoft, ſleeping charms. Gay liv'ried ſpring
In blooming ſweets acknowledges the ray
Beneficent and mild. All chearing ſun!
Viciſſitude to winter's dark domain!
When heaven's eternal King, well pleas'd, pronounc'd
The all prolific, light-commanding word,
By Wiſdom we'rt thou fram'd; thy courſe preſcrib'd
Diurnal, thro' the tractleſs realms of ſpace.
Pale queen of night, whoſe ſilver beams diffuſe
Serener ſplendor o'er the blue expanſe;
And you, ye ſparkling planetary train!
Record her praiſe, who each revolving ſphere
Suſtains, directs; Wiſdom the band of all.
While things inanimate conſpire to raiſe
Thy glory, and exalt thy matchleſs ſkill!
Shall Man alone, to whom thou ſtandſt reveal'd
In all this blaze of beauty, vainly gaze
An unconcern'd ſpectator? lateſt work,

Period, and nobleſt of creation's acts!
Shall he, inſenſible, not ſee thy pow'r,
Or proudly diſallow it? ſhall he dare,
With impious ſophiſtry, aſcribe to chance
And ſyſtematic atoms, works that ſpeak
One all-conducting, univerſal Cauſe!
Parent and Lord of him, of them, and all!—
Pallas, Minerva, fable's darling names!
Hence, ye unhallow'd! nor profane my verſe
With fiction's idle dreams, fancy's light ſtrains
The muſe no more indulges—but to Thee,
Whoſe gift is perfect wiſdom, fervent ſends
A ſuppliant's prayer:

"O Thou ſupremely good!
"Great ſelf-exiſtent! all creating Power!
"Whom jarring elements unite t' obey;
"Whom earth and heaven reveres, adores, and ſerves;
"O grant me underſtanding to deſcry
"Thro' error's miſts th' unvarying ſteady way,
"That leads to truth, O Father! leads to Thee!"

ON THE GOODNESS
OF THE
SUPREME BEING.

ORPHEUS, for ſo the Gentiles call'd thy name,
Iſrael's ſweet Pſalmiſt, who alone could'ſt wake
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with muſical perſuaſion drew;
Thou, who to hail and ſnow gav'ſt voice and ſound,
And mad'ſt the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divineſt ſkill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil angel:—in this breaſt
Some portion of thy genuine ſpirit breathe,
And lift me from myſelf; each thought impure
Baniſh; each low idea raiſe, refine,
Enlarge, and ſanctify;—ſo ſhall the muſe
Above the ſtars aſpire, and aim to praiſe
Her God on earth, as he is prais'd in heav'n.

Immenſe Creator! whoſe all-powerful hand
Fram'd univerſal being, and whoſe eye
Saw, like thyſelf, that all things form'd were good:

Where ſhall the timorous bard thy praiſe begin,
Where end the pureſt ſacrifice of ſong,
And juſt thankſgiving?—The thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
It's vivifying beams, my heart illumes,
And fills my ſoul with gratitude to thee.
Hail to the chearful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the ſtreaky Eaſt, and blithſome rouze
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from reſt!
Hail to the freſhneſs of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe
Loſt were the garnet's luſtre, loſt the lily,
The tulip and auric'la's ſpotted pride;
Loſt were the peacock's plumage, to the ſight
So pleaſing in its pomp and beauteous hue.
O thrice-illuſtrious! were it not for thee
Thoſe panſies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th' immaculate, pellucid ſtream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boaſt, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The eaſtern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irkſome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladſome beams
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain

Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praiſe of him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their voices tun'd to tranſport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thruſh,
The woodlark, and the redbreaſt jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families,
He feeds his ſweet muſicians,—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarſe rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for muſic, thanks and praiſe
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark! the organs blow
Their ſwelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace th' harmonious choir, celeſtial feaſt
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
The thrilling trebles and the manly baſs
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the ſacred ſubject ſuit their ſong.
While in each breaſt ſweet melancholy reigns
Angelically penſive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the ſolemn ſcene
The ſun thro' ſtoried panes ſurveys with awe,
And baſhfully with-holds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!

With love and gladneſs weepingly they ſhed
Ecſtatic ſmiles; the incenſe, that her hands
Uprear, is ſweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nect'rine's bloſſom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to him ſhe ſings,
To him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preſerves, whatever dwells
In air, in ſtedfaſt earth, or fickle ſea.
O he is good, he is immenſely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for Man;
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Diſpenſing all his bleſſings for the beſt
In order and in beauty:—riſe, attend,
Atteſt, and praiſe, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, ſubmiſſive bow
To him, who made the mite! tho' Aſia's pride!
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his leſs ſtriking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and ſeeks th' aſſiſting glaſs.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Bleſt
The fragrant caſſia, frankincenſe, and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incenſe down.
Stoop, ſable Africa, with reverence ſtoop,

And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples, haſten with thy ſpear
Reverted, and thy truſty bow unſtrung,
While unpurſu'd thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, ſurly ſound.
And thou, fair India, whoſe immenſe domain
To counterpoiſe the hemiſphere extends,
Haſte from the weſt, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteouſneſs ſo fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn,
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praiſe: come with thy brilliant crown
And veſt of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour.
But chiefly thou, Europa, ſeat of grace
And Chriſtian excellence, his goodneſs own;
Forth from ten thouſand temples pour his praiſe;
Clad in the armour of the living God
Approach, unſheath the Spirit's flaming ſword;
Faith's ſhield, ſalvation's glory,—compaſs'd helm
With fortitude aſſume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breaſt-plate ſpread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,

And let the ſong of Charity begin
In ſtrains ſeraphic, and melodious prayer.
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of goodneſs and of glory, hear!
" Thou, who to lowlieſt minds doſt condeſcend,
" Aſſuming paſſions to enforce thy laws,
" Adopting jealouſy to prove thy love:
" Thou, who reſign'd humility uphold'ſt,
" Ev'n as the floriſt props the drooping roſe,
" But quell'ſt tyrannic pride with peerleſs power,
" Ev'n as the tempeſt rives the ſtubborn oak:
" O all-ſufficient, all-beneficent,
" Thou God of goodneſs and of glory, hear!
" Bleſs all mankind, and bring them in the end
" To heaven, to immortality, and THEE."

ADDRESS
TO THE
TRIUNE GOD.

JEHOVAH reigns: let every nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow with holy fear;
Let heaven's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praiſe proclaim;
Then ſend it down to hell's deep glooms rebounding,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs ſounding.

He rules with wide and abſolute command,
O'er the broad ocean, and the ſtedfaſt land:
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Uſurp, or ſhare the throne of the Creator.

He ſaw the ſtruggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the maſſy gloom of ancient night;
His ſpirit huſh'd the elemental ſtrife,
And brooded o'er the kindling ſeeds of life:
Seaſons and months began the long proceſſion,
And meaſur'd o'er the year in bright ſucceſſion.

The joyful ſun ſprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her ſhadowy light,
Superior o'er the duſky brow of night.
Ten thouſand glittering lamps the ſkies adorning,
Num'rous as dew-drops from the womb of morning.

Earth's blooming face with riſing flowers he dreſt,
And ſpread a verdant mantle o'er her breaſt;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding ſhores;
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with ſoft murmurs ſtill her banks careſſing.

At length ſhe roſe, complete in finiſh'd pride,
All fair and ſpotleſs, like a virgin bride;
Freſh with untarniſh'd luſtre as ſhe ſtood,
Her Maker bleſs'd his work, and call'd it good:
The morning ſtars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting ſang, and hail'd the new creation!

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, muſt paſs away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;

Eternal night ſhall veil their proudeſt ſtory,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The ſun himſelf, with weary clouds oppreſt,
Shall in his ſilent, dark pavilion reſt;
His golden urn ſhall break and uſeleſs lie,
Amidſt the common ruins of the ſky!
The ſtars ruſh headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever ſtands thy throne,
Jehovah reigns, a Univerſe alone!
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected, or diffuſs'd, is ſtill the ſame;
He dwells within his own unfathom'd eſſence,
And fills all ſpace with his unbounded preſence!

But ah! our higheſt notes the theme debaſe,
And ſilence is our leaſt injurious praiſe;
Ceaſe, ceaſe your ſongs, the daring flight controul,
Revere him in the ſtillneſs of the ſoul:
With ſilent duty, meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmoſt hearts adore him.

ON THE

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

INVOCATION.

O FOR a raptur'd ſeraph's tongue,
JEHOVAH's boundleſs praiſe to ſing!
To tell a careleſs world, in ſong,
The honours due to Sion's King!
Then might, to aid this grand deſign,
Th' immortal choir of angels join!

Ah me! poor, wretched, ſinful man!
Immers'd in ſenſe among the vile,
Too dull to reach a heav'nly ſtrain,
Too ſinful to refine my ſtyle;
Dwelling with bad, to ſinning giv'n,
Unfit to ſing the ſongs of heav'n.

Almighty Lord! one flaming coal!
Thy purging and refining fire,
Will light and warm a ſinful ſoul,
Will cleanſe it, and exalt it higher!
So ſhall thy ſervant fitted be,
To ſing of God as taught by thee.

O Light ineffable! that none
  With mortal eye may dare to ſcan!
Yet truly known, and ſhow'd by One,—
  The ſon of God, the ſon of man!
My Lord! my God! to me make known,
Thy Father's glory, and thy own!

O may thy bright celeſtial Dove,
  Direct my heart, exalt my lays!
That I may join thy ſaints above;
  In ſinging thy eternal praiſe,
The glories of the One in Three,
The FATHER, PARACLETE, and THEE!

ON

GOD'S INFINITY.

JEHOVAH! when I would ſurvey
Thy nature unconfin'd;
My feeble ſoul diſſolves away
Before th' eternal mind!

In heav'n thy ſaints allow'd to dwell,
For ever find thee there;
And woful ſinners groan in hell,—
Th' avenging God is here.

The utmoſt bounds of north and eaſt,
A God, a God! proclaim;
The utmoſt bounds of ſouth and weſt
Reply, he's here the ſame!

A God, a God! in ev'ry place,
Nor does on place depend;
The regions of progreſſive ſpace,
At his command extend.

How much too ſtrong th' amazing ſight,
  In Reaſon's feeble eye!
Creation ſhrinks beneath the light,
  Nor angels dare to pry!

O King of ſaints! beyond all thought,
  Thy being how compleat!
And ev'ry crime againſt thee wrought,
  How infinitely great!

O may my feeble ſoul depend
  On thee, with awful fear;
And never wilfully offend
  A God for ever near.

ON

GOD'S ETERNITY.

Ere Nature's universal frame,
From primal nothing took its way;
Ere humbler earth to being came,
Or yon' more glorious realms of day.

Ere ancient time had prun'd it's wings,
Had learnt to change, or learnt to fly;
Frail measure of created things!—
O God! thou art eternally!

When feeble nature, quite decay'd,
Has spent it's alimental store;
When thou dissolv'st the world thou'st made,
And rapid time remains no more:

Thy glorious being still shall last,
No transient change thy ways allow;
Nor can the future, present, past,
Extend to thy eternal *now!*

Alas! how ſhort our tranſient time,
  In worlds conſign'd to certain woe;
How ſoon we paſs our boaſted prime!
  How vain our beſt purſuits below!

O may my ſoul in worlds on high,
  A better portion now ſecure;
And quitting all below the ſky,
  Be fix'd on bleſſings that endure!

The cov'nant made in Jeſus' blood
  Let me embrace, and judgment wait;
'Tis this ſecures my hope in God,
  'Tis his ſecures the future ſtate.

There everlaſting pleaſures dwell,
  Eternal joys unfading grow;
And there thy reign, Immanuel,
  Shuts up this ſcene of ſin and woe!

ON

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLENESS.

GLORIOUS and bleſt! I'd fain diſcloſe,
And thy perfections range;
Whoſe high unvary'd eſſence knows
No ſhadow of a change.

The God who all in all appears,
Can never change his frame;
Who has no former, future years,
Muſt ever be the ſame.

His mighty works, thro' ages paſt,
Are preſent to his view;
And while eternal ages laſt,
Can offer nothing new.

His promiſe to his choſen ſeed,
  For ever ſtands ſecure;
Th' eternal bliſs for ſaints decreed,
  Eternal muſt endure.

Then why, deluded ſons of men,
  Does earth attract your eyes;
Beguil'd by vain delights of ſin,
  And things below the ſkies?

Could you behold the Lord moſt High,
  On heaven's eternal throne,
You'd ceaſe from tranſient things, and try
  To make the Lord your own.

Immortal God! but once diſplay
  The luſtre of thy face;
Chace ev'ry rival ſin away,
  And bleſs with needful grace!

From thee my heart ſhall then receive
  More ſound ſubſtantial joy;
Than earthly affluence e'er can give,
  Or ought beneath the ſky.

For worldly ſubſtance ſoon decays,
No pray'rs can that ſecure;
But Thou, thy Favour, and thy Grace,
Unchangeably endure.

ON

GOD'S ALL-SUFFICIENCY.

ALAS! how mean! how wondrous frail!
The comforts creatures yield!
Misfortunes o'er our hopes prevail,
And ſorrows win the field!

Why then do mortals take ſuch pains,
Where pleaſure never grows?
'Tis God, who ev'ry good contains,
Who ev'ry good beſtows.

Who humbly mind his awful nod,
And tread his ſteps with care,
Find him an all-ſufficient God,
His bounteous bleſſings ſhare.

Should crying ſin to heav'n ariſe,
Or reach from thence to hell;
'Tis God in Jeſus juſtifies,
His mercies far excel.

Or ſhould it's mighty pow'r amaze
  The feeble wounded ſoul;
His all-ſufficient ſtrength and grace,
  Makes wounded ſinners whole.

While here ſuch characters remain,
  Their comforts ſtill increaſe;
At laſt their ſouls with Jeſus reign,
  In realms of endleſs peace.

Thou dreadful, all-ſufficient God!
  How ſafe, how bleſt is he,
Who, ranſom'd by the SAVIOUR's blood,
  Abides in peace with thee!

ON

GOD'S OMNISCIENCE.

O THOU, enthron'd in boundless light,
Supreme, immortal King!
Assist a worm involv'd in night
Th' omniscient God to sing.

Thou seest at once (surprising thought!)
The vast creation through;
And nobler worlds as yet unwrought
Lie open to thy view.

Thou know'st my inmost frame, O Lord;
And thine all-piercing eye
Does ev'ry transient work and word,
And ev'ry thought descry.

Yea, long before my thoughts expand,
Or into being run,
They all, to thee, appear at hand,
Thou know'st them ev'ry one.

O glorious Light! what mortal mind
  Such knowledge can diſcloſe?
There 's none but God, that God can find,
  Or know the way he knows.

Far as the vaulted ſkies extend
  O'er haple ſs earth below;
So far thy thoughts, thy ways tranſcend
  The moſt that creatures know.

O may my ſoul, renew'd by grace,
  Th' omniſcient God adore;
And ſet thee ſtill before my face,
  That I may ſin no more!

Grant me but knowledge from above,
  To light me to thy throne;
Then ſhall I pleaſe, adore, and love,
  And know as I am known!

ON

GOD'S WISDOM.

THE heav'ns, the earth, O dread Supreme!
Thy wiſdom loud proclaim;
The num'rous orbs, and all therein,
Unite to praiſe thy name!

But moſt eſſential Wiſdom ſhines
In thy eternal word;
'Tis there we find, in gracious lines,
A ſinful world reſtor'd!

Myſterious wiſdom! how apply'd,
Beyond created ken;—
A God in fleſh appear'd, and dy'd,
To ſave the ſons of men!

Gave dying ſouls his righteouſneſs,
And bore their vengeance due;
And ſinful ſouls with heav'nly grace,
Continues to renew.

The pow'rs of hell were forc'd to yield,
  And Sin and Death ſubdu'd,
By arms the furies choſe to wield,
  By ſchemes themſelves purſu'd.

O had th' infernal ſons of pride,
  But known the will of Heav'n;
The Lord of glory ne'er had dy'd,
  Nor man had been forgiv'n.

Ye fools, be wiſe, your ſchemes forbear,
  Nor more the ſaints aſſail;
How vain the plots of mortals are,
  When wiſer angels fail!

Proſtrate, adore th' eternal Son,
  Before his vengeance riſe;
Thrice happy who to JESUS run!
  The ſoul that leaves him dies.

ON

GOD'S POWER.

When I behold the orbs on high,
With glitt'ring robes array'd;
Transported with the view I fly
To praiſe the Pow'r that made!

When I reflect how firm they ſtand,
How long they muſt endure;
I ſing Jehovah's pow'rful hand,
That keeps them thus ſecure!

Eternal God! thy matchleſs might
This glorious fabric rear'd;
Thou gav'ſt the word, "Come forth to ſight!"
And furniſh'd worlds appear'd!

From nothing, all the ſtars and ſun
At thy command ſprung forth;
At thy command their courſe they run,
And ſing their heav'nly birth.

Then why, ye ſaints, ſo much afraid?
  Tho' feeble you and frail;
Ye have a powerful God to aid,
  He'll certainly prevail.

The pow'rful God hath ſpoke the word,—
  "The world ſhall be renew'd;
"The ſpoils of Sin ſhall be reſtor'd,
  "The tyrant Death ſubdu'd!"

'Tis done,—that world appears in view,
  Eternal glories ſhine;
The ſoul aſſumes her fleſh anew,
  Her fleſh appears divine.

And while new wonders ſtrike ſurpriſe,
  Thro' all the grand abode;
The ſaints to wondrous heights ariſe,
  And ſing the pow'rful God!

ON

GOD'S HOLINESS.

O HOLY, HOLY, HOLY Lord!
In deep abaſement we
To ſing thy HOLINESS accord,
And join in praiſe to thee.

Holy art thou in all thy ways,
Thy works are holy too;
And none but thoſe ſhall ſee thy face,
That holineſs purſue.

Thy holineſs immenſely bright,
Thro' worlds unknown muſt ſhine;
The rays too ſtrong for angels' ſight,
Too glorious and divine!

But round thy throne this ſacred throng,
For ever veil'd adore;
And holy, holy, is their ſong,
Lord God for evermore!

Moſt holy God! 'tis thy deſire,
  True holineſs to ſee;
Thou, holy Father, doſt require,
  Thy ſons ſhould holy be.

Send down thy holy, heav'nly dove,
  Thy image to reſtore;
That we, who pant for holy love,
  May prize and ſeek it more.

So we'll thy holineſs record,
  Till we from hence remove;
Then ſing the HOLY, HOLY, Lord!
  With heav'nly hoſts above.

ON

GOD'S JUSTICE.

My ſoul, poſſeſs'd with holy fear,
Eternal juſtice ſing;
Relate how upright, how ſevere,
The conduct of thy King.

When ſlighting God's divine commands,
The rebel-angels fell;
Faſt bound in everlaſting chains,
He caſt them down to hell.

When wretched Adam dar'd tranſgreſs,
Too well his children know
The High'ſt condemn'd the guilty race,
To realms of endleſs woe!

And when th' eternal Son of God
Would ruin'd man reſtore,
The high demand was precious blood,
And all the woes he bore.

The wrath of God, the ſins of men,
Were on the Surety laid,
He died; nor Juſtice, until then,
Would yield the ranſom paid.

O righteous God! thy juſtice nam'd,
I diſtant ſcarce adore;
And, like a criminal condemn'd,
Approach thy throne no more.

But when I hear th' eternal Son,
Has waſh'd my ſins away;
Swift to thy gracious ſeat I run,
And humble homage pay.

Thy love diſſolves my ſoul away,
When ſhall I JESUS ſee?
I cannot ſtay! I cannot ſtay!
Lord! take me home to thee!

ON

GOD'S GOODNESS.

I SING of goodneſs to my God,
Whence all it's ſtreams exhauſtleſs flow;
Who ſheds it's influence far abroad,
Thro' worlds above, and worlds below.

Behold the angels round his throne!
How glorious theſe; how happy they!
'Twas goodneſs made you ſo alone,
To God your adoration pay.

There ſaints in endleſs glory dwell,
O wondrous goodneſs! wondrous love!
Free Mercy ſav'd them all from hell,
Free goodneſs gave them ſeats above.

Good God! what creature can relate,
What heart conceive, or tongue declare;
The bliſs of that exalted ſtate,
Which humble ſaints and angels ſhare?

If round the earth we turn our eyes,
  We ſee thy goodneſs there diſplay'd;
Still pouring down immenſe ſupplies
  On all the various creatures made.

On creatures to rebellion prone,
  Who ev'ry heav'nly gift miſuſe,
Who ſlight thy mercy, grace diſown,
  And matchleſs goodneſs much abuſe.

O blind, ungrateful human race!
  Whom love and goodneſs can't allure
To prize the Saviour's offer'd grace,
  And heav'nly bleſſings thus ſecure!

Ungenerous ſouls! I find, O Lord!
  The greateſt bleſſings will not do;
Then break in pieces with thy word,
  And form our hearts entirely new.

ON

GOD'S MERCY.

Oh, who among the ſons of might,
In all the glorious realms of light,
  May with the Lord compare?
Or where ſuch mercies to be found,
Thro' all the vaſt ethereal round
  As our Jehovah's are?

Soon after earth's foundations laid,
The laſt of creatures, man, was made,
  Moſt pure, complete, and free;
The world on him the God beſtow'd,
But yet his creature not allow'd
  To taſte one certain tree.

In paradiſe, if he obey'd,
Eternal life was ſure convey'd
  To him and all his race;
But juſtice threaten'd him with death,
Loſt innocence and endleſs wrath,
  If once he dar'd tranſgreſs.

Unhappy man, by fiends decoy'd,
Presum'd to eat what God deny'd,
And lost his blest abode;
Sin all-defil'd his heavenly frame,
Whereby his wretched sons became
Vile enemies to God.

Death, multiform, on sin entail'd,
By one transgression thus prevail'd
O'er all the human host;
But heav'nly mercy quickly found
A sov'reign balm to heal the wound,
A cure for sinners lost.

The FATHER, pitying souls undone,
In love bestow'd his only SON,
That those might be forgiv'n,
Who sin in ev'ry form confess,
And fly for life and righteousness
To JESUS sent from heav'n.

The SON of GOD as freely came,
As freely took our mortal frame,

Obey'd, and bled, and died;
Offended Juſtice to atone,
That humble ſaints in him alone
Might all be juſtify'd.

He pleads their cauſe in worlds of light.
And ſends from thence the Paraclete,
Within their ſouls to move;
Who grace for ev'ry grace imparts,
Till faith and love inſpires their hearts
To aim at worlds above.

Surpriſing ſcene which angels view,
That men are ſav'd, and God is true,
Who ſaid that man ſhould die;
The SAVIOUR died and roſe again,
Fulfill'd the precept, bore the pain,
And lives in worlds on high.

Alas! in this benighted ſtate,
I want expreſſions to relate
Thy mercies, heav'nly King;
O! had I wings to fly away,
I'd ſoar to realms of endleſs day,
And beg a voice to ſing.

There would my SAVIOUR aid my ſtrain;
My ſong ſhould wondrous truths explain,
For mortal hymns too ſtrong;
Ev'n angels ſhould approve my flight,
And ſhout thro' all the realms of light,—
How well his mercy's ſung!

Yet LORD! far diſtant from thy face,
Let me before thy throne of grace,
The gracious GOD adore;
The gracious GOD, enthron'd on high,
Th' LAMB who freely deign'd to die,
Be prais'd for evermore!

ON

GOD'S TRUTH.

How firm is all JEHOVAH ſays!
  How punctual, ſtrict, and pure!
Tho' heav'n diſſolves, and earth decays,
  His juſt decrees endure.

Truth is the LORD's ſupreme delight,
  'Tis what his ſoul approves;
But falſhood, thro' eternal night,
  In gloomy manſions roves.

No, not a ſin can e'er have leave
  In God's pure courts to dwell;
Could ſaints above but once deceive,
  They'd ſink at once to hell.

Rejoice ye humble ſaints below,
  Your SAVIOUR's word is ſure;
He ſays a kingdom he'll beſtow,
  That kingdom is ſecure!

But ye who mercy diſregard,
  Your certain ſuff'rings view;
A God has ſpoke of hell prepar'd,—
  A hell remains for you!

Avoid the wily tempter's ſnare,
  Begin your heav'nly race;
Your Maker learn, and what you are
  By nature and by grace.

Thou God of truth, who ſeeſt our frame;
  How falſe and ſinful we!
Unite our hearts to love thy name,
  Regain our ſouls to thee!

ON

GOD'S BLESSEDNESS.

No creature tongue, O King divine!
Can tell thy perfect bliſs;
As none thy nature can define,
So none thy happineſs.

Thy bleſſedneſs, ſupreme, compleat,
Admits of no allay;
Not all the creatures add to it,
Nor take the leaſt away.

The pleaſures found in worlds on high,
The joys around thy throne,
Are leſs than nothing,—vanity,
If weigh'd againſt thy own.

Yet far as thy almighty deeds
Tranſcend frail reaſon's ken;
So far the bliſs above exceeds,
The brighteſt thoughts of men.

There ſaints behold thee face to face,
  And ſhine like him who died;
Eternal glory fills the place,
  And ſaints are ſatisfy'd.

O Lord of Hoſts! how great thy love,
  Such bleſſings to beſtow!
Such boundleſs bliſs, in worlds above,
  On worthleſs worms below!

ON

GOD'S GLORY.

DREAD FATHER of the realms on high,
  Where ſtands thy radiant throne!
Whoſe glories ſtrike the wond'ring eye,
  And ſhine thro' worlds unknown.

Immortal ſeraphs veil their ſight,
  Unable to explore,
Nor dare approach the dazzling light,
  But diſtant far adore.

One glimpſe of that immortal blaze
  O'ercomes the mortal eye;
Should GOD, as GOD, diſcloſe his face,
  We only ſee and die.

But milder glories, erſt conceal'd,
  Have favour'd mortals ſeen;
A GOD in fleſh is now reveal'd,
  The veil of fleſh between.

A GOD, a GOD! tho' fools blaſpheme,
He ſaves our wretched race!
A GOD, a GOD! did ſouls redeem,
Renews them by his grace!

Acknowledg'd be the Lamb, ador'd
By all the Church below;
The glories proper to the LORD,
We'll on the LAMB beſtow.

For he who cruſh'd the ſerpent's pow'r
Is GOD of gods alone;
And he who does our ſouls reſtore,
Is JACOB'S MIGHTY ONE!

While GOD the SPIRIT guides our way,
To heaven's eternal throne,
We'll GOD the FATHER'S praiſe diſplay,
And worſhip God the SON.

A CONTEMPLATIVE SURVEY

OF THE

GLORIES OF THE TRINITY.

THOU only know'ſt!
THOU! whoſe broad eye, the *future* and the *paſt*,
Joins to the *preſent*; making One of *Three*
To mortal thought! THOU know'ſt, and THOU alone,
All-knowing!——All unknown!——And yet well known!
Near, tho' remote! and, tho' unfathom'd, felt!
And tho' inviſible, for ever ſeen!
And ſeen in all! the *Great* and the *Minute*;
Each globe above, with it's gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with it's ſmall people ſwarm'd,
(Thoſe puny vouchers of OMNIPOTENCE!)
To the firſt thought, that aſks, "*From whence?*" declare
Their common ſource. THOU fountain running o'er
In rivers of communicated joy!
Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler theme,
Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call

HIM I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
As *Moſes* in the *Buſh*? ILLUSTRIOUS MIND!
The whole creation, leſs, far leſs to thee,
Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
How ſhall I name THEE?—How my labouring ſoul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!

Great ſyſtem of perfection! mighty cauſe
Of cauſes mighty! cauſe uncaus'd! ſole root
Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of GOD!
Firſt Father of *effects*! that progeny
Of endleſs ſeries; where the golden chain's
Laſt link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of All that is or heard, or hears!
Father of All that is or ſeen, or ſees!
Father of All that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
Father of this immeaſurable maſs
Of *matter* multiform; or denſe, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at reſt;
Minute, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze, and myſtery, to man.
Father of thoſe bright millions of the night,
Of which the leaſt full Godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—or, ſay,
Is appellation higher ſtill, thy choice?
Father of *matter*'s temporary lords!

Father of *Spirits!* Nobler offspring! ſparks
Of high paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various meaſures, and with various modes
Of *Inſtinct*, *Reaſon*, *Intuition*; beams
More pale, or bright, from *Day Divine*, to break
The dark of matter *organiz'd* (the ware
Of all *created* Spirit); beams, that riſe
Each over other in ſuperior Light,
Till the laſt ripens into Luſtre ſtrong,
Of next approach to GODHEAD. Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
Of *intellectual* Beings! Beings bleſt
With pow'rs to pleaſe THEE; not of paſſive Ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy ſons;
Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
Tho' boundleſs Habitation, plann'd by THEE;
Whoſe ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
And Tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.
Or, Oh! indulge, immortal KING! indulge
A Title, leſs auguſt indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how ſweet in human ears!
Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our Hearts!
Father of Immortality to Man!

A theme that lately set my soul on fire.—
And THOU the NEXT! yet equal! THOU, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was *bought*;
Ineffable the Price! by whom all worlds
Were made; and one, *redeem'd!* illustrious Light
From light illustrious! THOU, whose *regal* power,
Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of Gods!
And O! the *Friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
Thro' the short channels of expiring *Time*,
Or shoreless ocean of Eternity,
Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes),
In absolute subjection!—And, O THOU,
The glorious THIRD! distinct, not separate!
Beaming from *both!* with both incorporate!
And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great,
Enshrin'd in man! Of human hearts, if *pure*,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of heav'n with distant earth! by whom, I trust,

(If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
To THEE, to THEM—To whom? Myſterious
power!
Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
That animates all right, the *triple* ſun!
Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting ſun!
Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Abſconding, yet demonſtrable, GREAT GOD!
Greater than greateſt! better than the beſt!
Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft *Pity*'s eye,
Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *thine own*,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where THOU, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
Beyond archangel's unaſſiſted ken;
From far above what mortals higheſt call;
From elevation's pinnacle; look down;
Through—What? Confounding interval! Thro' *All*,
And more, than lab'ring *fancy* can conceive;
Thro' radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
Thro' hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
Round various banners of OMNIPOTENCE,
With endleſs change of rapt'rous duties fir'd;
Thro' wondrous beings interpoſing ſwarms,

All cluſt'ring at the call, to dwell in THEE;
Thro' this wide waſte of worlds; this *viſta* vaſt,
All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*
Before *thy* feebleſt beam—look down—down—down
On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt;
Or lower,—an *immortal* in his crimes.
His crimes forgive! forgive his *virtues*, too!
Thoſe ſmaller faults, *half*-converts to the right.
Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes which never more
May ſee the ſun (tho' night's deſcending ſcale
Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
In *thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
Tho' tranſient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
'Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
Let it out-preach the preacher; ev'ry night
Let it out-cry the boy at PHILIP's ear;
That tongue of death! That herald of the tomb!
And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,

Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,
Firſt, in *fate*'s volume, at the page of *man*—
Man's ſickly ſoul, tho' turn'd and toſs'd for ever,
From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but THEE;
Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;
On THEE the promis'd, ſure eternal down
Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel thro' this vale.
Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;
For—love Almighty! love Almighty! (ſing,
Exult, creation)—*love Almighty* reigns!)
That death of *death!* that cordial of *deſpair!*
And loud ETERNITY's triumphant ſong!

Of whom no more:—for, O thou PATRON GOD!
Thou *God* and *Mortal!* thence *more* GOD to man!
Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
THOU can'ſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *praiſe*.
Uninjur'd from our praiſe can He eſcape,
Who, diſembroſom'd from the FATHER, bows
The heav'n of heav'ns, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
Againſt the *Croſs*, *Death*'s iron ſceptre breaks!
From famiſh'd *Ruin* plucks her human prey!
Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
Their *gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
Deputes their *ſuff'ring brothers* to receive!

And, if deep human guilt, in payment fails;
As deeper guilt prohibits our *Despair!*
Injoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the Sons of Men?

ON

THE CREATION.

I.

AWAKE, my lyre! and thy ſweet forces join
With me to ſing of Pow'r divine,
Let both our ſtrains in pleaſing numbers flow;
But ſee, thy ſtrings with tedioufneſs and pain
Ariſe into a tuneful ſtrain,
How can'ſt thou ſilent lie?
The univerſe is harmony,
Awake, and move by ſympathy;
My heart's already tun'd, O, why art thou ſo ſlow?

II.

JEHOVAH is our theme, th' eternal King,
Whoſe praiſe admiring angels ſing,
They ſee with ſteady and attentive eyes
His naked beauties, and from viſion raiſe,
To wondrous heights their love and praiſe.
We mortals only view
His back parts, and that darkly too,
We muſt fall ſhort, what ſhall we do?
But neither too can they up to his grandeur riſe.

III.

No power can juſtly praiſe him, but muſt be
As great, as infinite as He;

He comprehends his boundleſs ſelf alone,
Created minds too ſhallow are and dim
His works to fathom, much more him:
Our praiſe at height will be
Short by a whole infinity,
Of all his glorious deity;
He cannot have the full, and ſtands in need of none.

IV.

He can't be leſs, nor can he more receive,
But ſtands one fix'd ſuperlative.
He's in himſelf compendiouſly bleſt;
We, acted by the weights of ſtrong deſire,
To good without ourſelves aſpire;
We're always moving hence,
Like lines from the circumference,
To ſome more inlodg'd excellence;
But he is one unmov'd ſelf-centred point of reſt.

V.

Why then, if full of bliſs that ne'er could cloy,
Would he do ought but ſtill enjoy;
Why not indulge his ſelf-ſufficing ſtate,
Live to himſelf at large, calm and ſecure,
A wiſe eternal epicure?
Why ſix days work to frame
A monument of praiſe and fame,
To him whoſe bliſs is ſtill the ſame?
What need the wealthy coin, or he that's bleſt create?

VI.

Almighty love, the faireſt gem that ſhone
All-round, and half made up his throne;
His favourite and darling excellence,
Whom oft he would his royal virtue ſtyle,
And view with a peculiar ſmile,
Love mov'd him to create
Beings that might participate
Of their creator's happy ſtate;
And that immenſity of good, it pleas'd him to diſpenſe.

VII.

How large thy empire, love, how great thy ſway!
Omnipotence does thee obey.
What complicated wonders in thee ſhine!
He that t' infinity itſelf is great,
Has one way to be greater yet;
Love will the method ſhew,
'Tis to impart; what is't that thou
O ſovereign paſſion, can'ſt not do?
Thou mak'ſt divinity itſelf ſtill more divine.

VIII.

With pregnant love full fraught, the great Three One
Would now no longer be alone.

Love, gentle love, unlock'd his fruitful breaſt,
And woke th' ideas which there dormant lay.
Awak'd, their beauties they diſplay;
Th' Almighty ſmil'd to ſee
The comely form and harmony
Of his eternal imag'ry;
He ſaw 'twas good and fair, and th' infant platform bleſt.

IX.

Ye ſeeds of being, in whoſe fair boſom dwell
The forms of all things poſſible;
Ariſe and your prolific force diſplay;
Let a fair iſſue in your moulds be caſt,
To fill in part this empty waſte.
He ſpake. The empty ſpace
Immediately in travail was,
And ſoon brought forth a formleſs maſs;
Firſt matter came undreſs'd, ſhe made ſuch haſte t' obey.

X.

But ſoon a plaſtic ſpirit did ferment
The liquid duſky element.
The maſs harmoniouſly begins to move:
Let there be light, ſaid God; 'twas ſaid and done!
The maſs dipt through with brightneſs ſhone;
Nature was pleas'd to ſee
This feature of divinity,
Th' Almighty ſmil'd as well as ſhe,
He own'd his likeneſs there, and did his firſt-born love.

XI.

But lo! I ſee a goodly frame ariſe,
Vaſt folding orbs and azure ſkies;
With lucid whirlpools the wide world does ſhine,
The ſun by day ſhews to each world his light,
The ſtars ſtand centinels by night.
In midſt of all is ſpread
That pond'rous bulk whereon we tread,
But where is it's foundation laid?
'Tis pompous all and great, and worthy hands divine.

XII.

Thy temple's built, great God, but where is he
That muſt admire both it and thee?
Ope one ſcene more, my muſe, bleſs and adore!
See there in ſolemn council and debate
The great divine triumvirate.
The reſt one word obey'd,
'Twas done almoſt before 'twas ſaid;
But man was not ſo cheaply made,
To make the world was great, but t' epitomize it, more.

XIII.

Th' accompliſh'd work ſtands his ſevere review
Whoſe judgment's moſt exactly true.

In nature's book where no errata's found,
All things are good, ſaid God, they anſwer well
Th' ideas which within me dwell;
Th' angelic voices join
Their praiſe to the applauſe divine,
The morning ſtars in hymns combine,
And as they ſang and play'd, the jocund orbs danc'd round.

XIV.

With this thy quire divine, great God, I bring
My Euchariſtic offering.
I cannot here ſing more exalted lays,
But what's defective now I will ſupply
When I enjoy thy deity.
Then may'ſt thou ſleep, my lyre,
I ſhall not then thy help require,
Diviner thoughts will then me fire
Than thou, tho' play'd on by an angel's hand, can'ſt raiſe.

THE COMPLAINT
OF
ADAM TURNED OUT OF PARADISE.

I.

And muſt I go?—And muſt I be no more
  The tenant of this happy ground?
Can no reſerves of pity me reſtore,
  Can no atonement for my ſtay compound!
All the rich odours that here grow I'd give
To Heaven in incenſe, might I here but live.
  Or if it be a grace too high
  To live in Eden, let me there but die!

II.

Fair place, thy ſweets I juſt began to know,
  And muſt I leave thee now again?
Ah! why does Heav'n ſuch ſhort-liv'd bliſs beſtow?
  A taſte of pleaſure, but full draughts of pain!
I aſk not to be chief in this bleſt ſtate,
Let Heaven ſome other for that place create;
  So 'tis in Eden, let me but have
  An under-gard'ner's place,—'tis all I crave.
But 'twill not do, I ſee, I muſt away,
  My feet profane this ſacred ground;
Stay then, bright Miniſter, one minute ſtay,
  Let me in Eden take one farewel round.

III.

Let me go gather but one fragrant bough,
Which as a relic, I may keep and ſhew!
Fear not the tree of life; it were
A curſe to be immortal, and not here.

IV.

'Tis done;—now farewel, thou moſt happy place;
Farewel ye ſtreams that ſoftly creep,
I ne'er again in you ſhall view my face;
Farewel ye bowers, in you I ne'er ſhall ſleep;
Farwel ye trees, ye flow'ry beds farewel;
You ne'er will bleſs my taſte, nor you my ſmell.
Farewel, thou guardian divine,
To thee my happy rival I reſign.

V.

O whither now, whither ſhall I repair,
Exil'd from this angelic coaſt?
There's nothing left that's pleaſant, good, or fair,
The world can't recompenſe for Eden loſt.
'Tis true, I've here a univerſal ſway,
The creatures me, as their chief lord, obey;
But yet the world, tho' all my ſeat,
Can't make me happy, tho' it make me great.
Had I loſt leſſer, and but ſeeming bliſs,
Reaſon my ſorrows might relieve;
But when the loſs great and ſubſtantial is,
To think, is but to ſee good cauſe to grieve.

VI.

'Tis well I'm mortal, 'tis well I ſhortly muſt
Loſe all the thoughts of Eden in the duſt.
Senſeleſs and thoughtleſs now I'd be,
I'd loſe even myſelf, ſince I've loſt thee.

THE SACRIFICE.

A voice was heard in Ramah; lamentation and bitter weeping: Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not.

JEREMIAH, chap. xxxi. ver. 15.

RISE from your orient thrones, ye angels, rise!
And spread refulgent radiance thro' the skies:
Your golden harps for strains seraphic string,
The wrongs of injur'd innocence to sing.
Sweet innocence attracts the heavenly throng,
For guileless purity to them belongs.
And while our humble voices rise below,
Your sparkling crowns on heaven's bright pavement throw;
With equal ardour join the glorious theme,
And sing the praises of the great Supreme!
Spirit divine! thine awe inspire,
While here we join the warbling choir.

Indulgent Heav'n with pity ſaw,
From Adam's fall the ſad effects ariſe,
Mankind immers'd in ſin and woe,
Yet ſtill with-held the dreadful blow
Juſtice demanded, and offended law;
And view'd their weakneſs with benignant eyes.
Revolving time the æra brought,
When choirs celeſtial man's ſalvation ſung,
And loud hoſannahs flow'd from ev'ry tongue!
When far tranſcending human thought,
Down from his bliſsful ſeat,
Eternal goodneſs to complete,

Man's kind Redeemer left the heavenly plain,
(Where joy perpetual holds perfective reign!)
With boundleſs love he ſought man's low abode,
From fainting nature took the load;
Averted Heaven's avenging blow,
And in man's ſtead ſuſtain'd the weighty woe!
In humble fleſh conceal'd the Godhead lies,
The ſov'reign Ruler of the earth and ſkies!
Choral angels ſwell the mighty ſong;
Aſtoniſh'd, join the mortal throng.

Divine effulgence blazes o'er the plains,
Deſcending ſee the heav'nly trains!

Myriads of angels fan ambrofial air,
The great the joyful tidings bear;
While humble ſhepherds, loſt in ſtrange amaze,
With proſtrate knees admiring gaze;
Caught with rapture, hear the ſound
Through the echoing ſkies rebound:
" A SAVIOUR's born!" the winged ſeraphs cry;
" A SAVIOUR's born!" the joyful hills reply—
Reſponſive notes employ angelic tongues:
" Glory to God in heav'n belongs!
" Fair peace on earth in triumph reigns,
" God's tender favour man obtains!"

All nature join'd to celebrate his praiſe,
And teſtify to earth the coming joy;
A glittering ſtar ſhot forth propitious rays,
And, like a herald in his bright employ,
Taught eaſtern Sages, with inquiring eyes,
To ſearch the depth of ancient prophecies.
With joy they view the Meſſenger divine,
Glittering from his radiant ſhrine,
Foretel to their enlighten'd eyes
Bleſſings deſcended from th' auſpicious ſkies;
Benighted Nature's riſen ſun!
Endleſs glory juſt begun!

Led by that directing ray,
To fam'd Judea's coasts they bend their eager way.
Success their zealous labours end,
Before Messiah, see they prostrate bend!
Their grateful off'rings at his feet they lay,
And to the mystic wonder humblest homage pay.

Delighted nature smil'd around;
Creation thro' her ample bound,
Deck'd with replenish'd beauties shone.
Fair Peace her festive garlands wove,
Filling men's hearts with harmony and love;
Only proud Herod scorn'd her joys to own,
And, like a serpent wreath'd on beds of flowers,
To poison turn'd their balmy powers.
A King of Israel born, whose potent sway
Judea's sons were destin'd to obey,
Destroys his hopes, alarms his fear,
Stamps on his harrow'd visage fell despair!
Proud Satan, foe to God and man,
With rage beheld the rising day
Drive Error's gloomy clouds away;
With envy saw the heavenly plan,
Already felt the fatal blow,
Mankind redeem'd from sin and woe!

His fell designs forever croſt,
Man rais'd to fill thoſe thrones he proudly loſt
With heav'n's revolted ſons, partakers ſore
Of chains and miſery for evermore!

Fir'd with revenge to Herod's breaſt he flies;
Whiſpers ambition to his trembling ear,
Of empire loſt the fear;
And bids infernal ſavage thoughts ariſe,
Drive ſoft compaſſion from his eyes;
Points the dire means to ward th' impending blow,
By plunging thouſands into bittereſt woe!
Soft innocence muſt bleed!
Fell cruelty inſpires the deed.

Yet firſt he tries, by ev'ry wily art,
His bloody purpoſe to fulfil,
And covers all the foulneſs of his heart,
To lure the Sages to his will;
Humbly implores that they will bring
Before his joyful eyes the new-born king;
That he may humbleſt homage pay,
And at his feet his willing ſceptre lay.

But Heav'n with ſcorn the tyrant's pride beholds;
  Inſpires the Sages' hearts with holy fear,
And in a dream his artful ſchemes unfolds;
  To Egypt bids Meſſiah quick depart,
  Where, ſafe ſecur'd from Herod's bloody art,
  The lovely babe reſides from every danger clear!
  The ſages, warn'd by Power divine,
  Deteſt the tyrant's foul deſign,
With wary ſteps return from whence they came,
Another way depart, and diſappoint his aim.

Mocked by them, he now deſpiſes,
Hark! the furious tempeſt riſes!
  Soft ſenſations ſoon depart;
  Rage, like vultures, gnaws his heart:
"Revenge! revenge!" the tyrant cries,
And throws around his haggard eyes.
  He draws the ſharp avenging ſteel,
  Bethlem's ſad vales prophetic terrors feel;
His bloody miniſters appear,
Draw the relentleſs ſword, and wield the ruthleſs ſpear;
  Fly ſwift to bathe their hands in infant gore,
  From guileleſs hearts the precious blood to pour;
    Hoping, by this general thrall,
    Judea's King may in the carnage fall!

Satan has the conqueſt won,
Now his triumph is begun;
  Pleas'd he views the crimſon flood,
  Bathes with joy in human blood!
While Herod, dupe to all his foul deſigns,
Regardleſs plunges into blackeſt crimes—
  Sweet innocence no more has power to charm,
  Nor can defend itſelf from harm,
And hapleſs fathers curſe in vain
The tyrant's wrath, and view their children ſlain:
  In vain do female ſoothing arts,
  Attempt to melt obdurate hearts;
No plaintive words can calm the rage
Of boſoms ſteel'd 'gainſt ſex or age.
  In this ſad and bloody hour,
  Beauty loſes all her power;
Affrighted infants turn their eyes
For help,—and fall a ſacrifice:
  Graſp'd to their panting boſom, ſee
  Their parents ſtrive to ward their deſtiny!

To ſecrecy in vain they fly,
Rage purſues with vulture's eye;
  Round the purple torrent runs,
  Diſtracted mothers mourn their bleeding ſons!

The air with ſhrieks and cries reſounds,
From ſavage rage and gaping wounds;
No infant 'ſcapes the fatal blow;
O piteous ſight! ſad ſcenes of woe!
Humanity with tears bedews
Her parent earth, and ſickens at the views.
Sad Rachel ſees her proſtrate ſons, and moans,
Thro' Ramah vents her ſympathizing groans.

Behold! indignant Satan riſe,
Infernal rancour ſparkling in his eyes,
Daring with Heav'n unequal war to wage,
Stalk o'er the hecatomb with ſullen rage;
And view with helliſh pride the reeking ſacrifice.

But ſoon the pangs of fell deſpair
With double torture rend his heart,
To find his flattering hopes diſſolv'd in air,
Meſſiah 'ſcap'd from all his cruel art;
Of ſettled empire, undivided power,
His boaſted promiſes to Herod given,
By Heaven's high hand deſtroy'd, in luckleſs hour,
To certain ruin driven.
He inly pines to ſee Meſſiah reign,
And trembling ſhakes his chain,

Rejoice! rejoice! ye heav'nly choirs,
Attune your rapture moving lyres;
  The prince of darkneſs now is fled,
  Fell Satan hides his bruiſed head!
Ye human race, exulting riſe,
With loud hoſannahs fill the joyful ſkies!

  The roſeate ſons of light
Deſcending, chaſe the horrid gloom away,
And chear the drooping earth with an enliv'ning ray:
  In celeſtial beauty bright,
On their ſweet ambroſial wings,
  Triumphing loud, they joyful bear
  The lovely martyrs thro' ethereal air;
The raptur'd choir attendant ſing
  Hoſannahs to the new-born SON
  Of Heaven's high KING! Redemption's work
    begun!

Bending hierarchies explore;
The wondrous ſcene, and God's high power adore.
  The lovely gueſts admire their happy change,
  Through heaven's bright courts they joyful range;
While cherubim and ſeraphim unite,
To mark their raptur'd hours with chaſte delight.

God bends on them his gracious eyes,
And views this firſt delightful ſacrifice!
With pleaſure ſees the beauteous band
Safe landed on the heavenly ſtrand,
From earth's rough ſtorms and human woe ſet free:
Decrees them for the conſtant train
Of the incarnate LAMB for ever ſlain
From earth's foundation—Oh, myſterious plan,
Kindly form'd for favour'd man.
Can our hearts remain ſtill cold,
When the wondrous tale is told?

Spirit Divine! in pity bend,
And on our boſoms quick deſcend:
Rend, Oh! rend the rock within,
Harden'd by repeated ſin;
Bid repentance in this hour,
Pour her ſoft tranſlucent ſhow'r;
So heav'nly goodneſs, like a friendly cloud,
Shall hide our ſtains, and from juſt vengeance ſhroud.

Hail Redemption! wondrous plan!
Kindly form'd for favour'd man.
O Power ſupreme! myſterious are thy ways,
Let Hallelujahs greatly ſound thy praiſe!

Choral angels ſwell the mighty ſong,
Aſtoniſh'd! join the mortal throng.
Ye gentle ſeraphs! veil your wings,
While heaven and earth MESSIAH's triumph ſings!
HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH!

THE PROVIDENCE
OF THE
SUPREME BEING.

SOVEREIGN of Nature, omnipreſent King,
Eſſential Goodneſs! thou whoſe plaſtic word
Call'd from the womb of darkneſs into day
This beauteous ſyſtem, which, if thou withdraw'ſt
Thy ſtaying hand, would inſtantly relapſe
Into primeval nothing! Who ſhall dare
To circumſcribe thy centre, that extends
Far as creation's ampleſt range; or ſet
Bounds to thy providence, that claſps at once
In its parental all-incircling arm
The tow'ring ſeraph, and the grov'ling worm?
Each link that weaves the univerſal chain
Of order, and connects th' amazing plan,
Is faſten'd to the footſtool of thy throne.
All cauſes, in thy intellect compriz'd,
Obvious as light that fills th' uncrowded eye,
Rank'd in their ſeries ſtand, and wait thy nod
To iſſue into action, and atchieve
Eternal counſels. Wiſdom Infinite
Sits at the helm preſiding, and directs

Each ſev'ral movement to the purpos'd end.
Thou giv'ſt the vegetable tribe to draw
Its kindly nutriment. The enliv'ning ſap,
Obedient to thy laws, through fitted tubes
Aſcends fermenting, and at length matur'd
Breaks forth in gems, and germinates in leaves.
By thee each family of flow'rs is cloth'd
In one unvarying dreſs, and breathes the ſame
Tranſmitted eſſences; and, tho' the loom
No virgin fingers ply to ſwell her pride,
The lily ſhines more gorgeouſly array'd
Than monarchs, where the eaſt, with hand profuſe,
Show'rs on their pomp barbaric pearl and gold.
O'er all thy works, exuberance of love,
Thy care unweary'd watches. Hence conſerv'd
Each kind, each being; and each want ſupply'd.
To thee the tenant of the paſture lifts
His aſking eye: to thee with ſuppliant voice
The ſhaggy tyrant of the wilderneſs
Roars his petition, as he roams the waſte
Intent on prey. Thou, common Father, op'ſt
Th' exhauſtleſs treaſures of thy bounty: all
Are fill'd, and ev'ry heart with joy rebounds.

Yet are there found of man's imperial race,
So favour'd, and by reaſon high advanc'd,

(That ray infus'd to light him to his God)
Who, rebels to their Maker, ſpurn his rule,
And impious dare in narrow ſpace include
Infinity itſelf. In heav'n, ſome ſay
Blaſpheming, ſits in majeſty ſupine
Th' eternal King, and ſlumb'ring on his throne,
From earth, and all it's cares alike remov'd,
A liſtleſs, dull beatitude enjoys.
Conceit abſurd! yet ſuited to the ſoil
Of Epicurus' garden, rank with weeds
That kill religion's root. No buſy God
His blind unguided atoms muſt controul,
But chance muſt build his world, and govern too.
That ſcheme of happineſs, he frames for man,
Muſt, as he doats, to Deity extend;
Whoſe bliſs would be impair'd, if reſtleſs thought,
And nature's vaſt moliminous concerns
Should violate the Sabbath of his reſt.
Philoſophizing fool, who ne'er couldſt ſhake
The cumbrous load of matter from thy ſoul,
And pierce thoſe regions, where one ſovereign mind,
One pure diffuſive energy at eaſe
By ſole volition acts his purpoſes
Through the wide realms of being! He to all,
Centre without circumference, is nigh,

Is intimately preſent: nought eludes
His knowledge; nought impedes his mighty pow'r.

If the world floats, by ev'ry caſual blaſt
Driv'n to and fro, without a pilot-hand
To regulate it's courſe, ſay, why do all
Hearken to laws appropriate to their kind?
Why never ſtray the devious orbs, but keep
Their ſtations, and with ſteady pace repeat
Their periodic journies? Whence to plants
Peculiar ſeeds allotted, and a leaf
That marks their lineage? or how taught by turns
To flouriſh, and diverſify the year?
Whence is each particle of matter ſway'd,
Or to attract it's neighbour or repel?
In brutes, to individuals whence aſſign'd
With rule preciſe the ſame organic make,
As beſt the functions of their kind promotes?
Why prompted all to propagate their breed,
To ſhun the noxious, ſeek the wholeſome food?
This ſettled order through the whole diffus'd,
Theſe laws invariably purſu'd, proclaim
As with a trumpet's ſound a Pow'r unſeen,
Who ſits not idle on th' empyreal ſphere,
Wrapt up in contemplation of himſelf
Through endleſs ages, but who all ſurveys

In ſpace, his boundleſs ſenſory, and fills
Earth with his goodneſs, with his glory heaven.

And yet ſhall man, as ſhipwreck'd from the womb
On the world's bleak inhoſpitable coaſt,
As by his Maker careleſly expos'd,
Bewail his orphan lot and cry, that God
Regardleſs of his welfare ſlights his pray'rs?
Shall not a ſparrow fall without his will,
Shall not a raven croak in vain; yet man,
Heir of eternity, creation's pride,
Be left to wander in the maze of life
Without a guide, a father, or a friend?
How ſhall he 'ſcape th' embattled ills that war
Againſt his ſoul, th' unnumber'd ſhafts that fly
Wing'd with deſtruction, if no hand unſeen
Inveſts him with a ſhield, and guards his ſteps?

But man (ingenious to contrive his woe,
And rob himſelf of all that makes this vale
Of tears bloom comfort) cries, If God foreſees
Our future actings, then the objects known
Muſt be determin'd, or the knowledge fail:
Thus liberty's deſtroy'd, and all we do
Or ſuffer, by a fatal thread is ſpun.
Say, fool, with too much ſubtilty miſled,

Who reaſon'ſt but to err, does preſcience change
The property of things? Is aught thou ſeeſt
Caus'd by thy viſion, not thy viſion caus'd
By forms that previouſly exiſt? To God
This mode of ſeeing future deeds extend,
And freedom with foreknowledge may ſubſiſt.

Nor think that ev'ry moment nature's courſe
Muſt take a diff'rent bias to comply
With each occaſion. He, to whom are known
The wants and the deportment of each being,
May ſuch a plan original have fram'd
As all adjuſted may conſpire to make
One compact ſyſtem; where the ſaint devout,
And ſin-polluted infidel may find
Forecaſted, in th' eſtabliſhment of things,
Effects proportion'd to their varying ſtamp
Of moral character. Look round and ſee
Reward and puniſhment in part diſpens'd
To man by nature's gen'ral laws: ſee health
Fly the luxurious glutton's rich repaſt,
And with the hermit at his temp'rate board
Sit a pleas'd gueſt: ſee calm unruffled joy
With dove-like wing infold the virtuous breaſt,
While, arm'd with harpy talon, keen remorſe
Hovers o'er guilt, and poiſons ev'ry ſweet.

Lo! (to convert our vices into rods)
Paſſions indulg'd beyond a certain bound
Lead to a precipice, and plunge in woe
The heedleſs agent. Avarice o'erſhoots
It's deſtin'd mark, and with abundance curs'd,
In wealth the ills of poverty endures.
Ambition, when the pinnacle is gain'd
With many a toilſome ſtep, the pow'r it ſought
Wants to ſupport itſelf, and ſighs to find
The envy'd height but aggravates the fall.
Unbridled luſt, inſtead of pleaſure's roſe
The prickly thorn oft graſps, with pangs of mind
And body now tormented, now condemn'd
To bleed a victim on the bed it ſtains.

Nor deem this order broke, theſe laws infring'd,
As oft as vice in the warm ſunny beam
Of fortune wanton baſks, and virtue droops
Forlorn, by penury's chill wintry blaſt
Aſſail'd. That luxury and pomp perhaps
Is but the ſplendid cover of diſtreſs
Rankling within; while conſcience ever gay,
And placid reſignation to his lot,
Cheer the poor tatter'd pilgrim, and derive
A flavour to his caſual homely meal,
The rich man's labour'd dainties cannot yield.

Dar'ſt thou decide where mercy ſhould diſtil
It's ſoft refreſhing dews, where juſtice pour
The vials of it's treaſur'd wrath, who know'ſt
Man in appearance only? Oft beneath
The ſaintly veil the votary of ſin
May lurk unſeen, and to that Eye alone,
Which penetrates the inmoſt heart, reveal'd.
And he, whom cenſure ſingles from the herd
To brand with infamy, whom envy loads
With black'ning colours, to th' omniſcient Judge
(Whom nought can bias, and whom nought deceives)
May otherwiſe appear, and fitly ſpread
His ſwelling ſails before the proſp'rous gale.
Beſides, that opulence, thou vainly gild'ſt
With ſpecious name of good, if ſcann'd aright,
Is Heav'n's ſharp viſitation to the fool.
See him the giddy round of riot tread,
And madly purchaſe at a price immenſe
Want, ſhame, diſeaſe, and heart-corroding grief:
Or ſee him brooding o'er the ſacred heap
Unenvy'd by the beggar whom he hates:
And then pronounce him happy if you can.
But how this equal ſcale upheld, thou cry'ſt,
When, like the ruſhing deep, adverſity
Pours all it's billows o'er the virtuous head?
Stop thy complaints—God ever in the ſtorm,

As in the calm, prefides. The man, perhaps,
Thou pity'ft, draws his comforts from diftrefs.
That mind fo poiz'd, and center'd in the good
Supreme, fo kindled with devotion's flame,
Might, with profperity's inchanting cup
Inebriate, have forgot th' all-giving hand,
Might on earth's vain and tranfitory joys
Have built it's fole felicity, nor e'er
Wing'd a defire beyond it's fenfual ftye,
Grov'ling, impure, and level'd with the brute.

Thus by th' appointment of that Pow'r who weighs
What with our welfare, not our wifh, comports,
Our blifs may be connected with our woes.
Hence graces, wither'd by too warm a beam,
May fpread and flourifh in the dreary fhade:
And pleafure, to voluptuous guilt deny'd,
May bloom ambrofial from affliction's thorn.

Too fhort is reafon's line to found the depths
Of heav'nly wifdom; rafh her cenfure too,
When fhe prefumes to cavil at his ways,
Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal
His fteady but meandring courfe directs,

Makes oppoſites harmoniouſly combine
His grand eventful counſels to mature;
That man, by common notices unmov'd,
By admiration, may be taught to fear.
He, who this complex maſs of wonders call'd
From chaos, and from darkneſs, launch'd thoſe lights
That gild the fluid ether, oftimes bids
'Midſt the well-temper'd ſtrife of jarring wills
Order from tumult break, from evil good.
He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds
The rage of man, and makes the friendly ſtorm
Drive when he lifts the veſſel into port.
Abaſement by his guidance ſhall exalt,
Diſgrace ennoble, and misfortunes bleſs.

See baſe ungen'rous Envy ſwell the breaſts
Of Iſrael's ſons: ſee Joſeph for a dream,
Typic of future greatneſs, doom'd to feel
The rigours of fraternal hate! And can
Such venom'd hate in kindred boſoms dwell?
How ſhall defenceleſs innocence eſcape
Impendent death, when ſavage brethren lift
The murd'rous ſteel? Prevailing nature melts
Reuben's ſoft heart, arreſts the bloody deed,

And heav'n-directed Iſhmaelites convey
To diſtant climes the purchas'd ſpoil, than all
Their ſpicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms
Receive the ſacred charge, the Patriarch's hope.
Vaniſh the clouds, the welkin brightens round;
Illuſive proſpect! ſoon new woes ſucceed:
A love-ſick miſtreſs ſmiles, and fortune frowns.
To ſlighted charms and womaniſh revenge
Th' innoxious youth falls an unpity'd prey,
And in a dungeon's gloom his pious ſoul
Pours to his God in pray'r, nor pours in vain.
For now the myſtic web of providence
Gradual unfolds, ſhades ſoften into light,
And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.
The rage of brethren, and th' opprobrious ſale
Conſpire to realize his dream: the wife
Of Potiphar unconſcious weaves the meed,
And calumny to honour ſmooths the way.
Quick ſhifts the ſcene: the dungeon for a throne
Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,
In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,
Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives
To cheriſh Iſrael's drooping age, to pant
With filial tranſport on th' Patriarch's breaſt
Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,

Sheaves of his dream, in marſhall'd order ſtand,
And pay obeiſance to his ſheaf, that rears
It's head aloft, and triumphs in it's height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above
The loftieſt flight of raptur'd praiſe; his throne
Is built on equity's broad baſe; his arm
(Though oft inviſible to mortal ken)
Is ever ſtretch'd to prop the ſinking good,
Or cruſh the wicked. Not a wheel amongſt
Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of man,
And kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows
Diſtinct with eyes, and in a meaſur'd courſe
Harmonious, verges to ſome certain goal.

See! the fond mother takes her ſad adieu,
And ſlow-receding, caſts a tearful glance
Where floats the ruſh-wove ark; to calm her grief,
To give her darling to her throbbing breaſt
The Memphian princeſs ſpeeds, and (Heav'n ſo wills)
Nurtures in wiſdom's lore the youth ordain'd
Iſrael to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

When Judah totters on the brink of fate,
And guileful Haman meditates the death

Of blamelefs Mordecai, what hand can ward
The threaten'd blow, and give the wiles to fall
Retorted on the machinator's head?
His hand alone, who vindicates the juft,
That plucks from arrogance the boafted plume,
And plants it on meek virtue's brow. In vain
With ev'ry blandifhment, the Perfian woos
Sleep to his wakeful lid. The volume's fpread,
Where the Jew's faithful fervices inroll'd
Rufh on the monarch's fight.—Go, Haman, now,
And glory in thy ftratagems, condemn'd
To deck the triumphs of the man thy hate
Mark'd for deftruction. To the regal feaft
Go, fhort-liv'd gueft. For know death goes along
A reveller, and points the hidden fhaft.
Look from the palace; fee Fate's engine rife
Tremendous, and extend it's arms for thee
It's cruel builder, and unpity'd load!

When artful malice broods o'er dark revenge,
When ftern oppreffion frowns, and ills furround,
Let not the good defpair, but reft fecure
Beneath ADONAI's fhadowing wing. His eye
Beholds, his out-ftretch'd arm conducts their fteps
Through death's incircling horrors; and when broke

Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls
It's gather'd ruin, plucks them from the deep.
Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft
Perplex'd with briers, and with crags o'erhung,
But onward preſs unfainting to the goal,
Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,
Applauding angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath
Of beatific joy. From ardent lips
Let the ſweet incenſe of melodious praiſe
Aſcend to him who viſits all his works,
But chief the ſon of man.

Pow'r infinite,
Thou Giver, and Preſerver of my being,
Who rul'ſt all cauſes, govern'ſt all events;
O teach me ever to thy will reſign'd
To bear my lot with patience, and eſteem
That beſt which thou ordain'ſt! In weal or woe,
In health or ſickneſs, let me ne'er forget
Thy mercies: ev'n in thine afflictive rod
May I a Father's tenderneſs adore,
Who chaſtens but to heal, in wrath benign!
Avert thoſe ills that hover o'er my head,
And with thy ſhield encompaſs all my paths.
Of earthly goods that portion thou aſſign
Which with my preſent and my future bliſs

May beſt accord; and grant this humble ſtrain
May be a prelude to that nobler ſong,
Which by thy grace, this dreary vale paſt through,
My ſoul, with brighter views of providence
Illum'd, and kindling from a near acceſs,
Shall chaunt reſponſive to th' angelic choir.

REDEMPTION.

DAUGHTERS of Jove, no more!—Adieu, ye maids,
Whoſe viſionary forms have met my eye;
Whether I mus'd by Anio's headlong ſteep,
Or by the fabled haunts of Caſtaly,
Or where Cephiſus joins the billowy deep;
Or where thro' groves, and olive-woven ſhades,
Iliſſus rolls his ſtream;
For now a loftier theme
Demands my ſong, REDEMPTION's wondrous plan,
And thy ſad ſufferings, O my God, for man!

But come, O virgin-muſe of Sion, come,
Come gently, and my breaſt inſpire
With ſome faint ſparks of t atſeraphic fire,
Whoſe beams refulgent glow'd
When burſting thro' the womb
Of dark futurity, "A God, a God,"
Proclaim'd aloud the heav'n-enlighten'd Seer,
"From Boſrah lo he comes, mighty to ſave,
"Mighty to triumph o'er the grave!"—
And all the oaks of Baſhan ſtoop'd to hear,
And Lebanon's attentive cedar's bow'd.

But turn, O turn thine eyes
To where with groves of palm, and olive crown'd,
On the fair bosom of the mountain lies
The garden's holy ground!
For there my Saviour's bitter agonies
Began; there from th' abyss profound
Of blackest hell, a stream of horror flow'd
And overwhelm'd his pure and innocent soul;
Or ere his sacred blood
Had wash'd, had cleans'd us from pollutions foul,
And seal'd anew the league 'twixt man and God.

Dark rose the dreadful night,
And not one sprightly note, or pleasing sound,
Was heard to breathe around:
The shepherds sat with silent horror mute,
And charm'd no more their pipe or jocund flute;
And Philomel her wonted strain forbore:
How could she sing, while from the blasted oak
The hoarse night-ravens croak,
And screech-owls moan aloud in dire affright,
And screaming from the pool with hideous cry
Aloof the bitterns fly;
While clouds impetuous burst with horrid roar,
And spectres shriek, and ghosts unholy yell,
And mutt'ring in the black and turbid air

Demons and fiends of hell,
Array'd in livid flames, terrific glare?

Earth to the centre ſhook,
And univerſal nature quak'd for fear
As if her end was near;
While ev'ry pale ſtar, with diſtemper'd look,
Shot from the ſky:—and well, O well they might,
When he was doom'd to agonizing pain,
Who bade them flame on high,
The faireſt gems in heav'n's fair canopy,
And fill'd their orbs with everlaſting light.
But now, ſee where he lies
On the cold ground, expos'd to thick dank air,
And all the fury of the madding ſkies!
See how each nerve and vein
Trembles and throbs with torture; how his eyes
Start from their ſeat with anguiſh and deſpair!
What drops of ſanguine ſweat roll down amain
From his fair limbs! "O Father! O remove
"If poſſible this cup; yet not my will,
"But thine be done!" O agonizing love,
O grace beyond compare!
Swift thro' the yielding air
The words upflew to heav'n, and all the quire
Of bleſſed angels ſtood in ſpeechleſs trance:

Aſide they flung their harps of golden wire,
And in their bow'rs of amaranthine ſhade
For one ſhort moment ſtay'd
Their ardent ſongs of rapture and of praiſe,
While wonder-ſtruck they gaze,
O King of ſuff'rings, on thy conflicts dire!

But ſoft! am I deceiv'd, or doth a ray
Of light ethereal burſt thro' yonder cloud,
And gild the mountain top with it's fair beam?
Lo, down the lucid ſtream
An angel glides! he leaves his cryſtal ſphere,
And cuts with nimble wing his liquid way
Thro' the rank vapours of this murky air;
Sent, O my Saviour, from thy lab'ring breaſt
To drive away the horrors of deſpair,
And give thy ſorrow-ſick'ning ſoul to reſt.

And hark, while ſwiftly from th' ethereal height
This harbinger of light
Deſcends, what awful ſilence reigns around!
No more their ruſtling heads the cedars wave,
And each aërial ſound
Creeps ſoftly to it's cave:
The dark clouds ſlumber on the mountain's brow,
And nature ſtands abſorb'd in dread ſuſpenſe;

While thus the angel cheers his drooping ſenſe,
And bids full ſtreams of heav'nly muſic flow.

Hail Sun of Righteouſneſs, whoſe healing ray
Can pierce the darkneſs of Egyptian night;
Tho' now ſome earth-born clouds obſtruct thy way,
Soon ſhalt thou blaze in thy meridian height;
And beaming with celeſtial love,
Deſtroy the covering, and the veil remove,
And guide the nations with thy friendly light
To the bleſt regions of eternal day.
Then, O ye hoſts on high,
Cherubs and ſeraphs, that excel in might,
Ye that encircling guard the ſapphire throne,
And ſing hoſannahs to the great THREE-ONE,
O praiſe him, praiſe him everlaſtingly!

When man rebell'd, and from th' abyſs profound
Thoſe miſcreated monſters, Sin and Death,
A way to Eden found;
There blaſting, with their peſtilential breath,
Each herb, and fruit, and flow'r,
Of Eve's delicious bow'r;
Thou ſaw'ſt the havoc, ſaw'ſt with melting eye
The ſad earth labour under the horrid doom

Of guilt and miſery;
Saw'ſt all her beauty, all her vernal bloom
Like flow'rs froſt-ſmitten die;
While heaving with convulſive pangs, and groans,
She op'd her jaws, and yawn'd the general tomb
Of her once happy, once immortal ſons!
At that dread hour, when ſtatue-ſtruck with woe
Stood the primeval pair,
And wept, and loaded with their ſighs the air,
They look'd around—but lo
Not one to pity them, not one to know!
No Son of light, no angel dar'd to plead,
No ſeraph intercede:
Till thou, the High Prieſt, heardſt the wretches moan,
And off'ring up their incenſe-breathing pray'r
In golden cenſer at th' eternal throne,
"On me their Shepherd, me thy wrath employ,
"But ſpare theſe haplefs ſheep, O Father, ſpare;
"Let me with agonies their grief atone,
"And all their ſins, and all their ſorrows bear."
Then ſang the morning ſtars their hymns of joy,
When thou, the Father's uncreated Son,
The promis'd SHILO, quitting thy abode,
That heav'n of heav'ns the boſom of thy God,
And ſtript of all thy bliſs, and all thy glory,

Beganſt, O wondrous ſtory,'
The taſk of love, and voluntary woe.
Hail word eternal! hail creating mind!
Then did the hills, then did the vales reſound;
The vale of Arnon, and the purple brow
Of beauteous Amana, and Shenir rang,
And all the foreſts of thy Carmel ſang,
When thou, in fleſhly tabernacle ſhrin'd,
'Ganſt pour the ſtream of bleſſings all around,
And brooding over teach thy helpleſs care,
As the fond eagle doth her young, to try
Their ſcarce-fledg'd plumes, and thro' the baſer air
Aſſert the manſions in their native ſky.
O goodly vine, beneath whoſe cluſt'ring boughs
The weary flocks repoſe!
O Roſe of Sharon! O encloſure ſweet
Of chief perfumes, of ſpices freſh and rare!
Wake, wake ye winds, and o'er the garden blow,
That all the ſoul-delighting ſcents may flow;
And ye, O ſpirits of air,
Catch the rich odours, and to heav'n repair;
That angels may diſſolve in raptures meet!
O Phoſphor! O effulgent ſon of morn!
But ah how fallen, fall'n! how chang'd from Him,
Who led to war th' embattled ſeraphim,

And all the youth of heav'n; whoſe flaming hand,
With thunders arm'd, hurl'd from th' ethereal ſky
The arch apoſtate and his rebel band,
Hurl'd them with ruin, and combuſtion dire,
To bottomleſs perdition, there to lie
Weltering in lakes of ever-living fire!
Yet, ſpotleſs Lamb, tho' now with wrath divine
Thou feel'ſt thy adamantine ſoul oppreſt;
Tho' Adam's ſins are by adoption thine,
And cruſh with heavy load thy lab'ring breaſt;
Yet quickly ſhall the mortal coil be o'er,
And grief, and pain, and anguiſh be no more;
Soon ſhall the brightneſs of thy Godhead ſhine:
Ev'n now methinks thy robes with ſanguine red
Are ſtain'd, like thoſe that in the wine-fat tread;
I ſee, I ſee thee riſe!
How bright, how glorious, o'er the ſtarry ſkies;
And Sin and Death are led
Chain'd to thy chariot wheels! Hark, hark the ſong
Begins, the ſong of triumph and delight,
Which erſt we ſung, when from the dreadful fight
Returning victor all the rapturous throng
Of ſaints and angels hail'd thee, wondrous King,
Almighty Lord, heav'n's ſole, eternal Heir:
Lift up your heads, ye gates, and O prepare,

Ye living orbs, your everlaſting doors,
The King of glory comes!
What King of glory?—He, whoſe puiſſant might
Subdu'd Abaddon, and th' infernal pow'rs
Of darkneſs bound in adamantine chains:
Who wrapt in glory with the Father reigns
Omnipotent, immortal, infinite!

The angel ceas'd, and from his flinty bed
The God-redeemer roſe:
Lull'd was his care in heav'n-inſpir'd repoſe,
And his ſick ſoul with airs ethereal fed:
Content he roſe, O Father, to fulfil
Thy fix'd eternal will.
And now the madding crew their Saviour led
Mild as a lamb to ſlaughter, like a ſheep
Before her ſhearers dumb—But, O my muſe,
Forbear!——Ev'n gnarled oaks for grief would weep,
And the rough rocks their briny tears diffuſe,
Shouldſt thou to Calvary's cleft ſummit riſe,
And there, in colours ſuited to thy woe,
The torments and ſtupendous ſorrows paint
Of the great ſuff'ring Saint.——
Oh ſtop, and from the humble baſe below
Caſt up thy tearful eyes
To where thy Lord, and Love was crucify'd;

So ſhall the world, and all it's vanities
Appear like droſs—ambition, luſt, and pride,
Shall far, far off their baleful pow'rs remove,
And in the pure unſpotted mind
Nothing remain behind,
But adoration, ecſtaſy, and love.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

CREATOR Spirit, by whoſe aid
The world's foundations firſt were laid;
Come viſit every pious mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire;
Come, and thy ſacred unction bring,
To ſanctify us while we ſing.

Plenteous of grace deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſevenfold energy!
Thou ſtrength of his almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r doth heav'n and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who doſt the gift of tongues diſpenſe,
And crown'ſt thy gift with eloquence.

Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the ſenſes to the ſoul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love beſtow;
And, leſt our feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practiſe all that we believe:
Give us thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father and the Son by thee.

Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.